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THOMAS CRAVEN (from a drawing by George Grosz): His "book is the result of a gigantic enterprise" . . . *(See page 5)*

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DEFOE

The Great Materialist

BY

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

"His celebrated 'Shortest Way with Dissenters' . . . sent its author to the pillory and Newgate."

DEFOE wrote everything that contributes to his lasting reputation inside the space of a very few years. They were not the years of his physical prime: he was near sixty when he produced "Robinson Crusoe," near sixty-five when he produced "Roxana." Yet these remarkable books did not result from any sudden or mystic release of energy, or still less from a long and selfless dedication to art. Defoe had spent a lifetime sturdily practising his trade, and at the end merely practised it to greater advantage. He discharged his masterpieces in the same mood and by the same methods that he reeled off his pamphlets and hoaxes; and the great works are set apart from the grubby ones largely because induration to hackwork gave Defoe the skill to rise above it.

Defoe was less of an artist—by circumstances, temperament, or aspiration—than almost any other great writer in the range of English letters. From his youth he was caught up in the practical affairs of living—business, politics, hardfisted journalism; these employments kept him on the run, put him out at hire, exposed him to the pillory, hounded him to prison. He never lived among writers or reflected about writing; he merely sat down, in indecent haste, and wrote. But the need to earn a living, whatever other difficulties it created, did not lacerate his sensibilities or pervert his soul; he had no soul, even though as a Dissenter he was forever intent upon saving it. He had instead the most concrete and empirical mind of the great writers of his age; he trafficked incessantly in the commerce of life; he seized, with the dispatch of a census-taker, on facts; and facts in the end led on to fortune. It is perfectly true that his mind, besides being concrete, was highly speculative; but what it speculated about was trade, government, economics, *Realpolitik;* never the meaning of art, the riddles of philosophy, or the psychological garment of man. There was hardly a political leader in Defoe's time who did not care more for culture than Defoe did. Harley collected a superb library; there is no evidence that Defoe ever dreamed of a modest one. Bolingbroke became a lord of style; there is no evidence that Defoe ever interrupted his writing to hunt for a word. No doubt Defoe would have welcomed a literary patron, but given his choice would have taken, any time, a business backer.

If Defoe was sixty before he wrote anything great, he was quite thirty before he wrote at all. Son of a Nonconformist tradesman he was bred up to trade; and it was only the political and religious ferments of the late seventeenth century that turned the industrious Dissenter into the path of the pamphleteer. By the end of William's reign, Defoe was prospering in William's service; but after William's death, when the Tories were swept into office and Dissent fell upon evil days, Defoe swiftly got into trouble. His celebrated "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," the irony of which first misled and then enraged the highflying Tories, sent its author to the pillory and Newgate. Released some months later, he went into the pay of the Tory leader Harley, and founded his *Review.** For some ten years he was to edit England's first sustained journal of opinion; and concurrently, for the pay of a servant, to do the work of a spy.

It would be hard to exaggerate the extent and effectiveness of Defoe's labors during this period. At a time when the pamphlet had as widespread an influence on public opinion as the radio has today, Defoe was the most influential of pamphleteers. At a time when the hired political snooper served the purpose that a Gallup Poll serves today, Defoe snooped indefatigably. At a time when newspapers were few and meager, and no other hard-hitting journal of comment and opinion existed, Defoe's *Review* gave British readers vast information concerning the great news of the time—the Marlborough wars. The 5,000-odd pages of the *Review* which Defoe wrote singlehanded are not only a contemporary record of immense value, not only evidence of his enormous journalistic industry, but proof in a dozen ways of his journalistic genius. The long article with which each issue of the *Review* opened is the undoubted ancestor of the modern editorial. The pieces relating to manners and social life led on within a few years to the *Tatler* and *Spectator* papers of Addison and Steele. The gossip items in the *Review's* Advice from the Scandalous Club may claim a certain share of credit in the career of Walter Winchell. Later in life Defoe was to contrive still other devices of journalism, notably the personal interview; and it is fitting that the first English novel ever serialized in a newspaper (to be sure, it was almost the first English novel) should have been "Robinson Crusoe."

The man who took to the road in quest of copy, who hung out in alehouses eavesdropping for Harley, who was Whig by inclination but often Tory by trade, who dissected politics and dispensed morality, who could lie

**Defoe's REVIEW. Reproduced from the original editions, with an introduction and bibliographical notes by Arthur Wellesley Secord. Published for the Facsimile Text Society by Columbia University Press. 22 vols. $88.*

Next Week

MEN UNDER THE SEA
By EDWARD ELLSBERG
Reviewed by William Beebe

THOREAU
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviewed by Irwin Edman

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his head off and give the impression of speaking gospel truth—lower middle-class to the roots of his nature, hardheaded, sharp-tongued, frank, ingenious, hypocritical—formed no part of the literary life of his day. Despite Swift's dismissing him as "an illiterate fellow whose name I forget," he was well-enough educated and certainly well-enough known; but as temperament had granted him no feeling for art, so circumstance granted him no share in its spoils. In point of fortune, his practicality served him less well than a feeling for culture served others. Swift, turned Tory pamphleteer, demanded the run of Harley's and St. John's dinner-tables, achieved a footing at Court, and expected (though he never obtained) a bishopric. Congreve acquired a pension, Gay a patroness, Steele became a member of Parliament, Prior an ambassador, Addison a Secretary of State. All these men had, too, their place in society; but never at any time was Defoe much more than a subsidized hack and an underpaid spy.

Defoe was still a hack when late in life he sat down and wrote novels; and he addressed the novels, not to sophisticated readers, but to greengrocers and scullery maids and all other plain folk who could read. Defoe wanted fame and fortune clearly enough, but he looked to his own class—at least at the outset—to provide them. In writing "Crusoe" and "Roxana," "Moll Flanders" and "Colonel Jacque," he stuck to his plain, inelegant style, kept in view the public's love of adventure and sex, forestalled censure with glib and solicitous moralizing. The books caught on at once, as well they might, for they must rank with the liveliest narratives we know, and they treat of people who, though they dip into their Bibles when they are about to be undone, lead anything but pious existences. In them moreover Defoe roamed the globe: followed Moll Flanders to the Virginia plantations, crossed darkest Africa with Captain Singleton, was shipwrecked off South America with Crusoe. The life of all his characters is hazardous and hard, but their capacity to endure it is British and muscular. Crusoe and Singleton, Moll and Roxana, are among the great extraverts of English fiction; they have no time for sensibility since their whole struggle is toward survival. This singleminded motivation of their lives is, as it happens, completely convincing; but on Defoe's part it was from the start inevitable, since it was the only motivation he could conceive of for them. In one sense Moll and Roxana are as crass as Alger heroes in wanting to rise in the world; but actually they are spurred on much less by love of success than by fear of failure. If they are constantly counting their money, it is because they feel constantly insecure: they fear the gutter much more, really, than they do the gallows.

"Defoe was still a hack when late in life he sat down and wrote novels"...

All Defoe's heroes are plucky, resourceful, resilient. In respectable people—in the heroes of ordinary success stories—these qualities seem immitigably philistine. But in adventurers, as all Defoe's people are, such qualities are plainly necessitous—not only for their survival, but for our enjoyment. A Crusoe who, after being shipwrecked, sat down and impotently wept would not only perish of hunger, but would turn into a bore; a Moll who sighed over being forsaken instead of acquiring a new husband or lover, would not only end her days in the workhouse, but would force us to slam shut the book. The real stock-in-trade of these characters of Defoe's is what happens to them, not what they are, as it was Defoe's great gift, not to dissect them, but to drive them on. He was an extraordinary observer and story-teller he was very little a psychologist. If his people are real, it is from the vigor with which Defoe could implant in others what was true of himself, or what would have been true in the circumstances, or what was generally true of their kind. Psychology with him went no farther than to ask himself what it would be sensible for the average thief or pirate or castaway to do in a given situation. And in a way this is a type of insight not usual among great novelists, since most of them can much better divine the secrets of love or pride or suffering than the operations of common sense.

Defoe's real power, however, derives from his story-telling. When he turned novelist, it was with no reputable model to go by, since the novel as we conceive it had still to be created. Defoe created it—by telling a spirited story about credible people, and in a tone so true-to-life that it could pretend to be not fiction but fact. It is largely through his genius for detail, of course, that he succeeds in making his novels seem like chronicles of real people. The ability to invent corroborative detail, in what might be termed a dynamic manner, and not once but incessantly, is extraordinarily difficult. A Balzac can pile it up—as in describing a room—in wearisome profusion; but it is all statically arranged, as in some frightfully congested still-life. But Defoe's use of detail is activating and, as it were, improvised; it pops into the story as a head pops in at a door. Crusoe—to take a very famous example—mentions, after the shipwreck, seeing "two shoes, not fellows" floating in the water. Now what, any reader must ask, would be the object of mentioning anything so trivial, pointless, prosaic, except that it happened to be true? The supreme artlessness of this method is something that came as easily to Defoe as breathing, and he is the supreme master of it in English fiction.

But his story-telling in general is totally unsophisticated, and provides none of the rewards of "form" that one obtains from great modern story-tellers like Turgeniev and Henry James. In "Robinson Crusoe," of course, the narrative is implicit in the situation, and the tale of Crusoe's conquest of circumstance, of his patient, ingenious homebuilding in a wilderness, is perhaps less a story than a superb discourse upon method. As has become a commonplace of criticism, "Crusoe" is to a large extent Defoe's greatest work because it builds out of one of fiction's happiest "situations": few writers have ever found anything so irresistibly appealing to write about. All the same, Defoe has written about it with truly wonderful skill.

In the typical Defoe novel, however, the story-telling had all to be forged; and it emerged, in every case, as episodic and picaresque. It could hardly not be, since in every case Defoe was writing about people who led wandering lives; but one may still ask whether Defoe suited his method to his people, or found people to exemplify his method. If he had known how to contrive a compact, centralized plot, would he, as a champion of morality, have turned to scenes of domestic happiness? One doubts it. One doubts

(*Continued on page* 17)

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A Gross of Great Paintings

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES, from the Renaissance to the Present Day. Edited by Thomas Craven. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1939. 590 *pp., with* 144 *plates.* $10.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

THIS book is the result of a gigantic enterprise. Twenty specialists from the staff of Condé Nast worked in the galleries of Europe and America to reproduce one hundred and forty-four masterpieces, some of which had never before been photographed in color. A fifty-five foot scaffolding was built to reach the Michelangelo frescoes in the Sistine. The "Treasury" weighs eight pounds, contains six hundred pages, and constitutes indeed "the most comprehensive" project of its kind "in recent publishing history."

Thomas Craven's introduction, and his brief essay on each of the paintings reproduced, will provoke the layman's interest through a gift for the vigorous and trenchant summing-up of a personality or a school which is, or should be, the envy of more richly informed and more profoundly thoughtful critics. There are misleading over-simplifications: for example, the use of the term "deadly realist" to describe John Sloan; and students of the later Renoirs will scarcely dismiss them as "overblown creatures of unsightly bulk and floridity" which "need not detain us."

But the pictures themselves are the main attraction. Their value to those who cannot live with the originals, as Harry Wehle points out in his foreword, lies in the fact that they "can bring us the ideas of the great masters,—reduced in scale perhaps, tuned down as it were,—but complete enough . . . to make these masterpieces in a sense our own treasured possessions." The publishers' own rather Barnumesque blurb that the paintings "are here displayed in all their glory, with their full investiture of visual splendor" implies an ideal which is simply incapable of realization. Pending further research and refinement of processes, small color plates must, for the perfectionist, range from non-flattery through various degrees of misrepresentation to outright libel. At best, the reasonable can ask only a skillful approximation to the original, a print which will indicate the color-relations in a painting without falsifying those tonal aspects, included in the color or relatively independent of it, which give bulk to modeled forms and depth to spaces,—aspects which, in some cases, are more adequately conveyed by a black-and-white photograph which faithfully translates light-dark contrasts and the clarity of contours.

It goes without saying that a Vatican fresco by Raphael cannot be reduced in scale to a length of ten inches without distortion. Large paintings, and especially those whose unity depends upon a subtle and pervasive color-orchestration, come off badly, and reveal most clearly the limitations and imperfections of color photography and color printing: Renoir's "Luncheon of the Boating Party," Seurat's "Grande Jatte," and such Venetian works as Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne." There are plates in this volume in which a false color passage destroys the plastic coherence of the

Memling's Madonna and Child

work,—a flag in Delacroix's "Liberty Guiding the People," a tablecloth in Rembrandt's "Syndics," the foreground tones in the Daumier "Washerwoman." Inaccurate registering has given fuzzy contours to Duccio's "The Three Marys;" and Tintoretto's "Miracle of Saint Mark" looks, in the copy examined by this reviewer, as though it had been photographed through a glass of lemonade.

All such reservations aside, one estimates the accomplishment in relation to the magnitude of the venture and the technical problems it faced; and one concludes that even imperfect color reproductions are in important respects more valuable to the layman and to the teacher than those lifeless effigies one sees on the screens of class-rooms. A substantial number of plates in this volume were made from originals with homogeneous or flat color areas, with relatively simple space-design, with underlying formal statements which the artist emphasized as primary to the color-distinctions. These plates,—among them Giovanni Bellini, Eakins, Vermeer, Van Gogh, Guardi, Blake, the "Adam and Eve" of Masaccio, the "Battle of Constantine" by Piero della Francesca,—will add a new dimension to study and enjoyment of the artists, and more than justify the welcome which one hopes this "Treasury" will receive.

Oliver Larkin is a member of the department of art at Smith College.

"Cape Stiff"

CAPE HORN. By Felix Riesenberg. New York: Dodd Mead & Co. 1939. 452 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by
ALEXANDER CROSBY BROWN

THERE is cause for wonder why up until this time there has never been a book on Cape Horn. This lack has now been filled with consummate skill by Captain Riesenberg's scholarly book, which could not fail to thrill even the most timorous landlubber.

The epic story of "Cape Stiff" could never have been adequately told by an ordinary historian, no matter how well qualified. More than a mere recital of historic events is called for and a true appreciation of these tempestuous regions is found only in those whose blood is thoroughly saturated with salt. Captain Riesenberg has "rounded the Horn" more than once and knows whereof he writes. The result is a lusty book rating Force 12 on the Beaufort Scale.

A century elapsed between the epoch-making circumnavigation of Magellan and the actual discovery of the Cape and the open seas to the southward by the intrepid Hollander, Schouten. It will be remembered that Papal bulls were neatly partitioning the world between Spain and Portugal. England's famous sea-dogs, Drake, Cavendish, Davis, and the rest were ranging over the globe defying these unsubstantiated claims. Holland had formed its powerful East India Company, whose monopoly strangled individual enterprise and closed Magellan Straits and the Cape of Good Hope route to others than its own fleet. The open water below the tip of South America's Tierra del Fuego was as yet unknown. Denied the only established routes to the East, Schouten decided to find another way. Sailing right on past the entrance to Magellan Straits, he soon discovered the Cape, which he named for his home town back in Hol-

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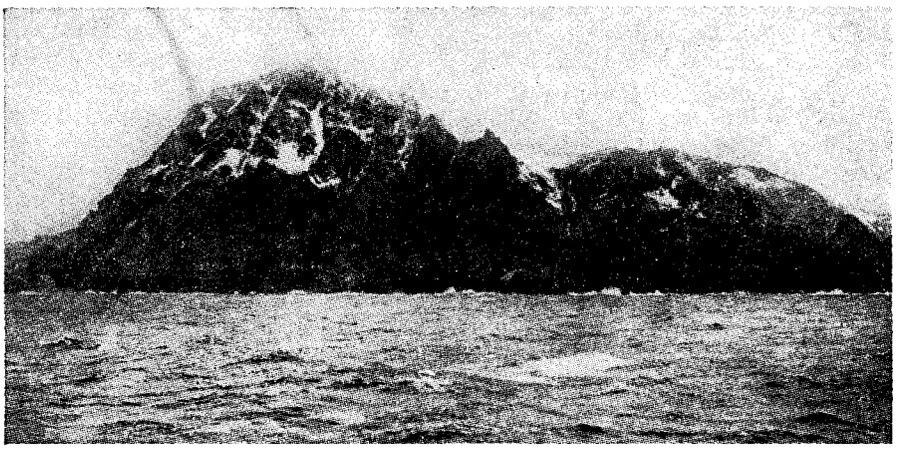
land. On his return, however, he was thrown in jail and some time was to elapse before his important findings were proved and accepted.

Captain Riesenberg traces these early voyages of discovery and exploration with masterly skill, and performs a real service in properly comparing and evaluating them for the first time. We follow the story of the Cape Horn regions down through the dark chapter of native exploitation and extinction of the tribes brought on (as was invariably so) by firearms, whiskey, and disease, coupled with the attentions of the fatuously misguided missionaries.

Final chapters cover the golden age of sail when lofty California clippers were racing round the Horn for gold; the decline of the great sailing craft immortalized by Villiers; and the establishment of steamship service through the Straits, to be in turn diverted by the Panama Canal. A final chapter covers the battle of the Falklands between British and German warships in the late war, and adds a note on the neglected importance of the Cape Horn regions in future wars.

The book contains splendid charts prepared by William Briesemeister, a frontispiece painting by Gordon Grant, and several excellent photographs. The latter should have been expanded to take in more of famous Cape Horn ships. Likewise the author dwells at too great length on the comparatively inconsequential story of the natives Capt. Fitz-hugh brought back to England, space which might have been better devoted to, for example, a résumé of the tempestuous open boat voyage of the *Wager's* men, a fact barely noted. I feel too that a lively chapter could have been drawn around the more famous freak craft, Long Island Sound steamboats, etc., which made the trip to Cape Horn waters.

These are small points, however, and "Cape Horn" is not only a stirring book, but a noteworthy contribution to letters.



Cape Horn

"Ship of Democracy"

THE HERITAGE OF AMERICA. Edited by Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1939. 1152 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

WE are getting more and better source-books on American history all the time, and we are lucky to have them. The diarists, letter-writers, travelers, contemporary commentators—the people who saw the thing happen when it happened—are at last getting their place in the sun, and we should all be grateful. When I was a boy, I can only remember one series that specialized in the first-hand account, and that was supposed to be for "advanced" students. Now, from Mark Van Doren's "Autobiography of America" to Henry Boston's "American Memory," from Foerster's admirably edited "American Poetry and Prose" on the literary side to the present compilation on the historical one—there are at least a dozen one-volume editions where the average reader, leafing through, can get at least a reasonable notion of some of the forces, events, and ideas that went to make this republic, seen as people saw them when they were new. Not all these books, of course, serve quite the same purpose or cover quite the same ground. But they help explain us to ourselves, if we are capable of receiving the explanation.

"The Heritage of America" begins with Leif Ericson's voyage to Vineland. It ends with an extract from that fine book, "We, Too, Are the People"—an extract dealing with the problem of relief—set in vivid juxtaposition with Whitman's "Sail, Sail Thy Best, Ship of Democracy." In between, there is a God's plenty of rich and vivid material, and the names of the editors alone should be sufficient warrant for careful and judicious selection, skillful editing, and sound historical knowledge. They have not been afraid to quote from the well-known—to quote Crevecoeur's "What Is an American," and Franklin's account of his famous first arrival in Philadelphia. They have not been afraid to include the Declaration, the Gettysburg Address, Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby, and a section of Franklin D. Roosevelt's First Inaugural. They have also not been afraid to include such things as a first-hand account of the great horse-race between Eclipse and Sir Henry; Martin Chuzzlewit's fling at land-speculation in Eden; Mark Twain's poker-faced recital of his first lessons as a steamboat-pilot; and Ike Hoover's dumfounded reminiscences of just what happened to the White House when Theodore Roosevelt and his family moved in. The two hundred and fifty-two selections that compose the book offer rich and varied fare. Almost everybody will find something new here, almost everybody will find something he had always meant to look up, if he hadn't been too lazy to go to the library. As the authors cautiously state, "No collection of personal narratives, no matter how extensive, can ever form a really connected history of America." That is true. But what such a collection can do, when it is as good as this one, is, in the first place, to make formal history come alive to most of us, and, in the second, to pique our imaginations and curiosities so that we wish to know more about those living people of the past.

Naturally, one always has one's own predilections and prejudices. I am delighted to meet again Sarah Knight, the Rebel War Clerk and the Georgia Girl, and to make such new friends as Sarah Royce and Thomas Dabney. I'm particularly glad to see two extracts from Herndon on the character of Lincoln. I miss Young Ward's Diary and Kane's account of deserted Nauvee. I miss an extract from "Forty Years a Gambler on the Mississippi" as I miss one from that extraordinary account of railroad life, "Railroadman" by Chauncey Del French. But with any compilation, as with any anthology, it is infinitely easier to point out the occasional omission of favorite selections than to do the job oneself. And, where the job is concerned, Messrs. Commager and Nevins have done a fine one. Here is the stream, with its eddies and its turbulence, with queer straws floating in it and a few lasting landmarks—the stream of American history from the days of Leif to today. If you want to know something about it, this must be one of your books.

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A Career on Two Fronts

ACROSS THE BUSY YEARS. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. 450 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALVIN JOHNSON

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, Nicholas Murray Butler declares, resembles a well-focussed photograph. The President of Columbia University has been much photographed, particularly in the company of notables. His book is just such a photograph. And often one has tried to form an idea of the kind of man behind the photograph. This, however, is too much to ask of a photograph.

President Butler's life has been a consistent one, and his record of achievement great. He began by selecting his ancestors well. Parents and grandparents—and farther back than the reader cares to go—they had a sure instinct for position. They aimed at leadership in the professions and in public life, never apparently at wealth. An expert in ballistics could have foretold the future of young Nicholas as he shot through school and prep school, issuing very young but mature, and made the uncannily right choice of college, Columbia, which then held little more than a promise of future greatness.

Pach Bros.

Nicholas Murray Butler

At Columbia Butler came under the influence of two men who canalized his forward urges toward the career which he distinguished, President Barnard and Professor John W. Burgess. It was President Barnard who first drew Butler's attention to the backward state of teacher-training in America, and the significance of pedagogics as developed in the European universities. A single interview, and the reading of a single book, sufficed to commit the young Butler to a career of education. Out of this trifling impetus given to the right young man came Teachers College with nearly a thousand master's degrees swarming every June, and teachers colleges spreading by metastasis through the whole university system. From Burgess, Butler gained two conceptions of immense importance to him: that of a true university, and that of a sphere of individual liberty properly inviolable by government.

Many minds were combined in the project of grafting a true university upon the quiescent trunk of an old-fashioned young gentlemen's finishing school, the Columbia of the early eighties. Burgess broke the path in setting up the School of Political Science. It was Butler, however, who worked out a systematic plan for the university as a whole, and his report, submitted to the Trustees in 1889, may be consulted as the dominant blueprint for the Columbia University system.

The Burgess doctrine of the sphere of individual liberty as the crowning achievement of Anglo-American constitutional development helped to determine Butler's attitude toward life and politics. Butler does not look like a liberal. He does not often sound like one. Yet on critical occasions his behavior and his expressions are grandly and gallantly liberal. The explanation of this seeming contradiction is simple. Butler has at all times been ready to fight against any invasions by government in the sphere of individual liberty. Inside of that sphere a man might be red, white, or blue: Butler would fight for the man's right to his individual preference. We are sometimes told that in Butler's relations to his faculty this concern for a professor's sphere of individual liberty is not always in evidence. For my own part I have never been able to learn of a single authentic and unadulterated instance in which Butler has violated his principle.

From his early manhood Butler has been deeply interested in politics. He attended fourteen Republican conventions and two Democratic. He never desired political office, and although opportunity repeatedly knocked at his door, he stuck resolutely to his last as educator. He could have been congressman, senator, ambassador, Secretary of State, Governor of New York, President, if he had chosen to pursue political honors. But he had decided to exercise his political talents within the sphere of individual liberty rather than in the sphere of government. What he really aspired to was the position of boss among the other political bosses like his friends Quay and Penrose, but his boss-ship was to be one of unexampled purity. His book gives little account of actual achievements in the political field. He helped write some platform planks, helped to get some good men into office, and to keep some bad ones out. But the history of the Republican party will give no long chapter to Nicholas Murray Butler, if his own account of his activities is adequate.

There is some reason for doubt that it is. While Butler is generous, indeed more than generous, in his comments on most of the Presidents of his time, his attitude toward Wilson is consistently one of hatred and contempt. There is in his book not one comment on Wilson that is not designed to show Wilson up in a bad light. This is easily understood. Wilson was a competing university president. He had run for the office of Governor of New Jersey; Butler had refused to run for the governorship of New York. In both cases the governorship was expected to be a stepping stone to the Presidency. Butler refused the temptation: Wilson stepped high. Butler had long been a leader of the international peace movement: Wilson leaped ahead of him with the League of Nations.

What the reader looks for in vain in Butler's book is some indication of the part he played in defeating Wilson's plans for the peace treaty and the League. Were those meetings of anti-Wilson senators and congressmen in Butler's house on Morningside Heights just friendly eating bouts, or were they rump caucuses of the isolationists? Perhaps Butler will tell us in his next volume, which will deal with his work for international peace.

It is not good democratic decorum to call a man great while he is still with us: I limit myself to saying that Butler has played so important a part in education that we should all like to know more about his real personality. His book helps us very little. There is some slight evidence that he once was young: he took part in the celebration of a victorious boat race. There is no evidence that he ever had a friend in youth, or ever was guilty of an indiscretion, youthful or manly. If he ever made a mistake, he does not record it. From his earliest youth he was a lion-hunter, and to this day appears to have associated with nothing but lions. He has known about every important man of our times. He may have got something out of them, but he keeps it religiously to himself. An educator of his range of experience must often have discovered some shining spirit hidden in obscurity. Such an experience he does not consider worth recording alongside of the encounters with great statesmen and great stuffed shirts.

Butler's book should have been a model of autobiography, because Butler is a man of great intelligence and broad experience, with little if anything needing to be covered up. It is not a model. It is badly constructed, and, what surprises a reader of Butler's terse and effective official documents, it is often prolix and spotted with horrendous infelicities of style. Nevertheless, it is a book worth reading. When one picks it up again, one does so, not perhaps with affection, but certainly with respect.

Alvin Johnson is director of the New School for Social Research.

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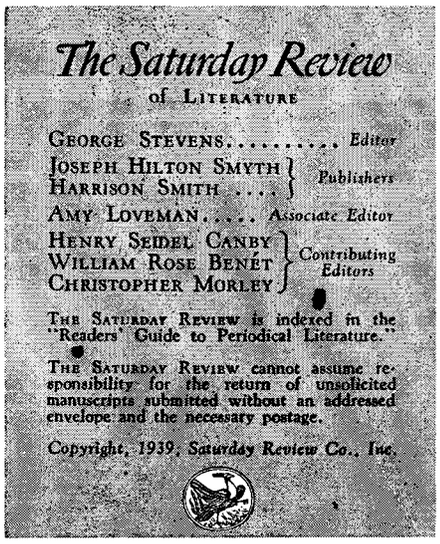
The Saturday Review
of Literature

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JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH, HARRISON SMITH .... Publishers
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
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History of Critical Prejudice

WE shall begin this discussion by apologizing to Bernard Smith. His book* can be adequately reviewed only in an essay on criticism and American history. We hope that such an essay will be written—all that we can do here is to indicate what he has done, and how, in our opinion, he should be criticised.

He has written a valuable and informative outline of American criticism from the beginning, because, with adequate scholarship, he has proceeded upon the thesis that, in criticism, the prevailing thought and prejudice of an era can be most easily distinguished, and has, therefore, related his studies of American critics to the intellectual, and particularly to the social, climate which influenced their work. Thus the dull upholders of English standards for an America already developing a new way of life, become interesting and significant in his narrative of the early nineteenth century. Thus he is able to reintroduce Poe and Simms and the Transcendentalists, and most of all the genteel writers from Lowell onward, with a fresh setting of their critical ideas in the habits of mind of the society to which they belonged. The timidities of an Aldrich, the reservations of an Emerson, the conformities of a Poe, all become more comprehensible than even Parrington made them. It is not necessary to subscribe to Mr. Smith's Marxian theory of values in order to find in his book a reliable, discriminating, and thoroughly explanatory account of American criticism in relation to social forces. He has been faced with Henry Adams's desire to find an order which would explain an apparent confusion, and his choice of the influence of class privilege and class prejudice as the determining factor in the limitations of criticism, makes his book the best account yet of what American critics were *not*. He doesn't neglect what they *were*, but here his system does not always work so well, and, indeed, does not have to, since we have other sources. It is undeniable that his application of the Marxian idea that "a work of literature reflects its author's adjustment to society" is fruitful in the discussion of criticism.

But this method does not make Mr. Smith's book a history of American criticism. It is necessary to read only his last chapters, in which he documents and analyzes the confusion of the last twenty years, when realism had conquered romance, and liberals, esthetes, ethicists, socialists, and anarchists were all seeking somewhere to go, to see that it is impossible to simplify all the problems of criticism by a Marxian dialectic. Mr. Smith does simplify the apparent confusion; his account of what happened in critical America from 1900 on is the best we have read. His faith that the non-esthetic influence upon criticism will explain the attitudes of Floyd Dell, Mencken, Brooks, Bourne, Wilson, and who have you, is so strong and he restricts his problems of criticism so carefully to the areas where science and a dialectic can solve them, that these chapters are valid, whatever they leave out.

They do leave out much. One can see the process beginning in his discussion of the Transcendentalists, where he gives, as few have done, due credit to the often admirable literary criticism of Emerson, Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller. Emerson's failure to make a system in criticism, as in philosophy, he ascribes to his partial submersion in an intellectual and economic class which he attacked but from which he was never freed. That there were problems in human life which no dialectic seemed to solve, that there was, conceivably, an area in which mysticism still was the only answer, he does not admit.

Already some aspects of his Marxian approach to modern criticism seem dated. The genteel folk of the nineteenth century, so he admits, had this to be said for them: without understanding the underlying forces of the country in which they lived, they did hold fast to a belief that there was an antiseptic in literary tradition against violence, against the doctrinaire, against animalism. They were ineffective because they were inhibited by the tabus of their own classes, they *were* genteel.

Strong and sound as is his analysis of the moralistic, the aristocratic, the economically prejudiced American, the weakness of his definition of criticism as the product of social forces is apparent as one reads today. We "who believe in scientific methods, in realism, in social equality and democracy," he says, "are hopeful and are fighting." Why? If the theory of classes produces a Stalin to apply it, and lead it backward to imperialism and the tyranny of power; if the ideas of socialism in a highly industrialized state involve the probability of a Hitler; is science, is realism the only answer that criticism can give? It is easy to prove idealism bankrupt, as it may be easy in a few years to show that Marxism was an unintentional fraud in a world which is what the world is. But it is precisely the intangible in criticism—its idealism, its occasional resort to mysticism—which Mr. Smith describes as the aberration of the strong, the *opium of the weak, which one sees* must now be re-assessed in any history of criticism which has a lesson for today. Mr. Smith quotes T. S. Eliot's challenge of two possible alternatives—Marxism or Catholicism—and chooses the former. Such alternatives have been offered time and time before, and better men than we are have refused to be bound by categorical imperatives.

Like Parrington's great democratic history of American literature, "Forces in American Criticism" is a corrective book. It is a reordering of critical history by a sound idea of the social control of criticism, which has been until recently entirely neglected. As a definition of the possible bases of criticism, however, it is not so much wrong as partial, and so inadequate. Like so much that is being written today, it gives more consideration to the history than to the necessities of liberal thinking. In the analysis of these necessities lies the next great opportunity for critical thinking; and after that analysis—which will be "realism"—it will be possible to apply a corrective to Mr. Smith's useful book.

H. S. C.

*FORCES IN AMERICAN CRITICISM. By Bernard Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 401 pp., with index. $3.

The Dare

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

DO you remember Cloverdale
and things we dared to give her,
drunk with beauty and ourselves?
From Oak Ridge to the river,
the clover spilled along the hillside
and almost to the water,
where summertime was running, running
after her fleeing daughter.
And if what's known was never known
or is not known by others,
then let us hope that some will see
what's never seen by brothers,
what's never seen by anyone,
who, though they roam long over,
cannot fill hearts with summertime
and their warm selves and clover.

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Letters to the Editor: *Source Materials for Historians*

Old Diaries

SIR:—The writer of your recent article on the value of old diaries has a most idyllic idea of them, which I am loath to disturb; but may I give the historian's point of view? Has your writer ever tried, from a mass of old diaries, to get good historical meat? Scarcely one diary in five gives anything worth while except dry facts. "Did this. Went there." And that is mostly all. Of all the diaries started on the 20th of April, 1775, by the men who left their homes on the Lexington alarm, there are few of any value. (Curiously, from Arnold's small expedition to Quebec several good ones emerge.) We may indeed be grateful for the diaries of all periods which let us see the life of their day. But they have been culled from thousands of little worth. Let any modern read his Line-A-Day Book critically, and see how much information it will give to a future reader. Old diaries are mostly jottings, mere memoranda. It is the exceptional person who, with power of observation, command of words, and desire and time to write, produces the diary which future generations will enjoy and study.

(May I digress to say that it is much the same with letters? The high average are mostly disappointing.)

As to the present flood of modern autobiographies, issued by people who have been in touch with great events, I wonder if they will prove of very great value. Such autobiographies are self-conscious; they are likely to be deliberately partisan; and often they have less to say than they think they have. The best diaries (and letters) are the opposite of all these.

ALLEN FRENCH.
Concord, Mass.

Mark Twain's View of "1601"

SIR:—You have my heartiest congratulations on Mr. Basil Davenport's scholarly and discriminating review of Mark Twain's "1601." As the reviewer so ably brings out there is no rhyme or reason for an elaborate edition of this piece. Mr. Meine makes the common mistake of believing that everything written by a literary genius is ipso facto *worthy* of publication. This does not follow at all, especially in the case of so irregular a writer as Twain. He would turn in his grave if he knew that this ephemera was being embalmed with footnotes and critical comment! He never intended it for publication at all. My authority for this statement is Col. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, the original *printer*. As adjutant of West Point, Col. Wood asked Clemens if he could run off a *very few* copies to give to some of their mutual friends, such as John Hay, W. D. Howells, and T. B. Aldrich. The consensus of opinion, of course, was that the piece was totally unworthy of publication, an opinion in which Twain himself most completely concurred. Instead of wasting time on this worthless trash, Twain's reputation would have been infinitely better served by bringing out a well edited edition of "The Jumping Frog," of which Robert Frost recently said, "Nothing American in prose or verse is more lyric to my ear than Mark Twain's 'Jumping Frog of Calaveras County.'"

CYRIL CLEMENS.
Webster Groves, Mo.

"You'll have to forget your dress shop experience. Customers resent being told we have a book just their size."

William Dean Howells

SIR:—I am writing a book upon William Dean Howells and should appreciate any unpublished letters by Howells or to him which your readers would care to send me. Such material will be copied and returned promptly. I am especially eager to have correspondence between 1885 and 1895; but this eagerness by no means precludes that for correspondence of other years.

GEORGE WARREN ARMS.
Mary Washington College
Fredericksburg, Va.

"Art and Fact"

SIR:—I want to tell you how very much I enjoyed reading the editorial "Art and Fact" written by an ex-German that appeared in the August 26 issue of your publication.

I have been struggling along for five or six years trying to make a living writing and I find it extremely difficult. Many things I have written, knowing when I was writing them that there was no possible market for them, but feeling that they were in my mind and had to come out on paper regardless.

To my mind, it is a shame that we do not have more markets and more mediums for things that we write which do not fall into any set form. The field of the pure artist, as you know, is unlimited.

It's really a pity that some of our newspapers couldn't devote a little more space to things of a literary nature. I agree with your ex-German friend.

WILLIAM SEREY POWELL.
Beckley, W. Va.

Oz

SIR:—Just back from vacation and catching up on my *S.R.L.s* I note in Trade Winds for August 19 a little note about the origin of Frank Baum's Oz and am glad to learn that, but I had wondered if by any chance he had ever seen or noted the little town of Oz not far from Grenoble in the French Alps. I passed close to it in war days and wondered even then if that might not be our Oz. It is in a country of reputed Saracen settlement. But I am glad to know about the index.

RALPH L. THOMPSON,
Central Librarian.

The Public Library of the
District of Columbia
Washington, D. C.

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Graphic History

MODERN MAN IN THE MAKING. By Otto Neurath. New York: Alfred Knopf. 1939. 159 *pp.* $2.95.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. BEARD

THIS volume represents an effort to give structure to the history of mankind from ancient days to modern times, and to present certain phases of that history graphically, by means of charts, maps, and little pictures—pictures of human bodies, babies, automobiles, telephones, heads of wheat, each standing for some unit of measurement. But the text is not entirely chronological. For example, the first chapter, or group of graphs and text, entitled past and present, opens with a series of symbols showing the mortality rates in a central European town from 1591 down to 1936. Besides tracing the ups and downs of death rates through plagues and wars, the table reveals accomplishments of modern public health in a decline of mortality from about 3.5 per hundred in 1591 to 1.5 in 1936. The second plate in this group pictures the cycles of unemployment in British trade unions from 1853 to 1937. The third plate illustrates the movement of plague control from the medieval villages through the national state to the contemporary international health organization. The fourth table is a map (which must be highly conjectural) showing the menace of nomadic invasions from Central Asia. The fifth table contrasts the varied war garbs of different tribes and nationalities with the almost uniform war garb of all modern armies: "the egalitarian sameness of modern uniforms is symbolic."

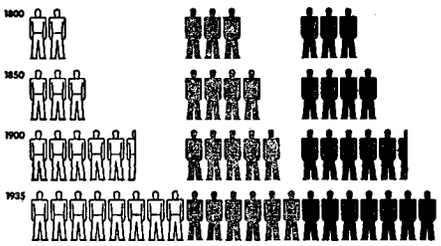
The second chapter, or group of graphs and text, is more consistently historical. It is entitled the unification of mankind. It opens with a map indicating the birth places of civilization and includes maps of the Chinese and Roman empires, Roman towns, roads, and walls, the Arabian empire, the Mongolian empire, the British Commonwealth of Nations, the spread of population, and the modern divisions of the earth. Several pages of text elucidate the graphic plates, occasionally with a brevity which meticulous students of history will be inclined to question. For instance, it is stated on page 41 of the text, that the loss of the English colonies in America "must be attributed to a temporary lack of coöperation within the ruling classes of Great Britain." Although that is a part of the truth, it is certainly too simple to be the whole truth or even the known truth.

The remaining chapters or groups of graphs and text are mainly concerned with contemporaneous social and economic developments and conditions: Trends toward Modernity, State of the World, Social Environment, and Man's Daily Life. In these sections of the volume numerous striking features of the contemporary world are presented in graphic form. Among these features are: distribution of human beings among employments, such as use of natural resources, manufacturing, distribution, and services; sources of power; population; cotton production; foreign trade in Europe; war economies; distribution of wealth or income; living conditions and mortality; political organization, including authoritarian and non-authoritarian systems; Mississippi floods; extension of railways; political rights of women; football at American colleges; goods used by various income classes; infant mortality; legitimate and illegitimate births; and the contemporary superstition that eliminates the thirteenth floor in hotels and office buildings.

Dr. Neurath's volume may be reviewed at three levels. It may be taken as a collection of interesting and striking graphic presentations showing particular features of civilization, old and new, and considered in respect of successful achievement in the case of each presentation. That Dr. Neurath displays amazing ingenuity in most of his graphic presentation goes without saying. He has won an international reputation for his skill in this field. It would be difficult to imagine, for example, a more effective summary of the growth of population in the great sections of the world from 1800 to 1935 than is given on page 47 by means of a world map, divided into three sections, and little figures of men—white for the Americas, Europe, and the Soviet Union, grey for Chinese and Japanese regions, and black for the rest of the world. Again, the use of electric power per capita in various countries could scarcely be more skillfully presented than on page 49 in red and black symbols. In dealing with mechanization and features of human life for which we have copious statistics, Dr. Neurath is naturally at his best.

The Growth of Mankind

White: the two Americas, Europe, the Soviet Union; gray: region of Chinese and Japanese population; black: the rest of the world. Each symbol represents 100 million men.



What can be said of this method of conveying information and arousing popular interest? Doubtless for the generality of readers, this volume will have an immense appeal. They fairly dote on cross-word puzzles, comic strips, and other diagrammatic illustrations, and will find themselves at home in the pages of this book. They will have sheer delight in reading the brief clues to the diagrams and then puzzling out the meaning given by the long rows of little men, little women, stars, crosses, automobiles, ships, and cotton bales. It is highly probable that thousands of people who take little interest in economics, sociology, or history will use this volume with pleasure as they puzzle their way through the graphic presentations of complex statistical and geographical situations. Just what picture of the whole they will have in their minds at the end of their excursion through the fairyland of presentations will depend upon their previous training and their capacity for integrating disparate items.

But the hardened student of history and sociology who is nimble with his mathematics will probably prefer his information straight. Take as an example the use of telephones in France and Germany shown on page 59. A little picture of one telephone and half of another shows that for every 200 of the French population one and a half telephones were used in France in 1914, while seven little telephones show than seven telephones per 200 population were used in France in 1937. From Dr. Neurath's two rows of little pictures it is clear at a glance that the per capita use of telephones was much greater in 1937 than in 1914. But I must confess that I find it quicker and more satisfying to read the bare figures—1.5 per 200 in 1914 and 7 per 200 in 1937—than to read Dr. Neurath's explanatory legend and then count the little black telephones in a row. Moreover, sticklers

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for precision will wonder just how many automobiles per thousand were used in Germany in 1914, when they see the picture of a fragment of an automobile on page 59 showing the use of automobiles per 200 population in Germany in 1914. Is it a fourth, a fifth, or a sixth of an automobile? For general purposes perhaps it does not matter much, but for purposes of exactness, precision, it may matter a great deal. One thing is certain: Any complex of phenomena which may be graphically presented may be described in words or mathematics or both, insofar as it can be described at all. In some cases, for example, a geographical complex, a map is a shorter form of statement, but in other cases words and mathematics provide a shorter form. I may be wrong but I have a deep suspicion that most adult minds will prefer to take their information straight in the shortest form. Graphic presentation gives strong impressions of general and gross situations and helps to fix particulars and details in mind, but it does not take the place of cold facts and figures for the serious students.

The second level on which Dr. Neurath's book may be reviewed is that of a conception of world history and society, for such a conception underlies the text and pictures of this volume. This is conceded in the Foreword: "An attempt has been made to evolve . . . a special picture-text style which should enable anybody to walk through the modern world that is beginning to appear about us and see it as he may see a landscape with its hills and plains, woods and meadows. The aim is to trace the origin of 'modern men' and to depict their behavior and achievements, without presenting any social or economic theory." This idea is reinforced by Waldemar Kaempffert in a statement that appears on the jacket of the book: "The economic, social, and political progress of mankind becomes [in this volume] a pageant that moves before us from primitive times down to our day."

Yet Dr. Neurath's language is the language of metaphorical or literary imagination, not hard, factual description. We can walk through the modern world and see factories, people, automobiles, and telephones, but we cannot "walk through" birth rates, mortality rates, unemployment, immigration, strikes, public opinion, leisure, and political rights of women, and see them as we may "see a landscape with its hills and plains, woods and meadows." Nor do statistics on the number of telephones in use tell us much, if anything, about the effect of telephones on human conduct and society or anything about what is said over these instruments of communication. When we are told that there are so many million radio sets in the United States, we do not get much information about the effect of the noises that go over these sets upon the morals, intelligence, thought, or conduct of the recipients. As for giving a picture of the pageant of progress from primitive times to the present, baffling problems of historiography are raised at once—problems that have long engaged the profoundest students of human history and are dealt with in volumes about as difficult to read and understand as the volumes on higher physics. For present purposes, it is sufficient to say that the profoundest students of historiography are by no means agreed whether history is a pageant of progress, a story of generation and degeneration, or a senseless *pis aller*. For a side light see Th. Lessing, "Geschichte als Sinngebung des Sinnlosen." In this field Dr. Neurath is not as sure-footed as in the graphic presentation of the measurable.

The third level on which Dr. Neurath's volume could be reviewed is the high philosophical—the ultimate design of the universe (if any) of which historical events and personalities are manifestations. It may not be known to the puzzle-workers who are delighted with this book, but Dr. Neurath is one of the leaders in the Unity of Science Movement, out of which has grown the "International Encyclopedia of Unified Science," covering such baffling subjects as the theory of signs, the foundations of logic and mathematics, procedures of empirical science, and the theory of probability (which latter subject drove a friend of mine to suicide). This school holds that "all biological, psychological, and sociological concepts may be reduced to physical concepts." Its general thesis is fairly well represented by the slogan: "Everything that exists, exists in some quantity and therefore can be measured and statistically or graphically represented." This is not the place for me to discuss that topic. So I shall merely remark that, in my opinion, fruitful research has been and is being carried on under this conception, but I am deeply impressed by the obvious limitations on its procedures and on the meanings of the findings. A mother's love for her child exists; it can be measured; let us say that it is 1.23456789 per pound of her weight. My query is: How much do we know and what, when we have arrived at this result? And I have no more use for metaphysics and theology than the Unified Science Movement has.

Bertita Harding

An Evening with the Hapsburgs

IMPERIAL TWILIGHT. The Story of Karl and Zita of Hungary. By Bertita Harding. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1939. 345 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

HAVING written of Maximilian, "Emperor" of Mexico, in the "Phantom Crown" and of Franz Joseph in "The Golden Fleece," Bertita Harding continues the family chronicles of the later Hapsburgs with a book about the last emperor of Austria, Karl, which brings the annals of the house down to date. They are curiously alike, these Austrians, honest, well-meaning, ridiculously limited aristocrats, stiff in the archaic uniforms of their obsolete tradition, fumbling vaguely with a world which nothing has prepared them to understand; and their impresario has found just the tone to present them to a modern public, a decorous, slightly amused familiarity which almost conceals its condescension and admits a touch of awe. It is not unpleasant to admit a little awe of aristocrats, provided one can also pity them, and it is impossible not to pity a little persons who, in success and failure alike, are shown to be so unequal to the burden of the centuries. An evening with the Hapsburgs under Miss Harding's guidance becomes as entertaining and instructive as a tour of Schönbrunn, as beguiling and as little permanently disturbing as a third helping of chocolate cake and whipped cream at a café on the *Ring*.

It might seem that Karl, whose son

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is still the claimant to the Austrian throne, would lend himself less happily to this sort of biography. But at his most earnest moments the shadowy young war emperor was never quite real; even in the excited headlines of the daily press his peace letter to Prince Sixtus seemed like a student's hoax, and his desperate bid for the crown of Hungary like a rehearsal of costume theatricals. Bathed in a warmly sentimental flood of gossip and anecdote, simplified history, and glorified society-page journalism, Karl and his family in this skillful book become as appealing and as remote as the Stuart pretenders. No doubt that is the right attitude towards them, that their woes make pleasant reading but no longer concern history. Out of the convulsions of Europe almost any monster may be born, but a Hapsburg restoration is one of the least likely.

How the Chinese Live and Like It

THE CHINESE ARE LIKE THAT. By Carl Crow. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. 328 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. Bisson

IT is pleasant to come on a new and well-written book about China which does not deal with the war. Not as its central theme, that is, for even this stimulating and humorous commentary on how the Chinese manage to live and like it, in the face of difficulties that would submerge a less healthy and sound-minded race, throws off penetrating sidelights on the struggle in which China is now engaged.

The Chinese "way of life" is an absorbing and fascinating subject, as the success of Lin Yutang's "My Country and My People" demonstrated a few years ago. And Carl Crow proves that it is still a rich mine, only partially worked over, for one who makes the approach with insight, philosophic understanding and tolerance, and an adequate background of first-hand knowledge. To the uninitiated, he presents an excellent introduction to China and its people; to those who have lived for longer or shorter periods in China, he renews an experience.

In this treatment the foibles and inconsistencies of Chinese life, touched upon with a light hand, serve to set off its more serious and substantial aspects. It is relatively easy for us to appreciate the achievement of a people which has farmed the same land for a period of forty centuries, and multiplied in the process; also, the merits of certain virtually self-regulatory restraints on competition set up within a society where the struggle to survive is more than a Darwinian phrase. But the advantages of indirection, of a rather casual attitude toward accuracy and exactness, or of such a phenomenon as banditry, are more difficult to see. These things are comprehensible in terms of their setting—and it is the locale of Chinese life which, in broadest terms, Carl Crow sets before us with an extraordinary degree of success. Stories of his own experiences form the most amusing elements of his genial explanations; in other cases, a certain amount of rational exposition is required to make his point. Where the expense of a cake of soap and the fuel required to boil water must be balanced against the cost of food, and the choices are mutually exclusive, it can be seen that elements enter into the problem of cleanliness that the ordinary run of Americans might easily overlook. In China, the author notes, a good harvest means increased sales of soap. Much of his explanation is done by way of suggestive comparison or direct illustration, and in almost all cases the points are driven home convincingly. A slight miss is, perhaps, registered in the chapter on the "reward of labor," where the wages of the house boy chosen for illustration seem too high—and the outcome of his financial career too perfect—to do full justice to the general standard of living in China.

This books appears at a fortunate time. Its racy and readable chapters will call forth many smiles and some outright laughs, and leave every reader with a deeper and more appreciative understanding of the way one-fifth of mankind lives.

Mr. Aldington's Satirical Novel

REJECTED GUEST. By Richard Aldington. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 378 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by Richard A. Cordell

MR. ALDINGTON'S new novel is wholly cynical; one remembers that the author is a student and biographer of Voltaire. On the first page is a witty discourse on bastardy, to prepare us for the advent of the hero, David Norris, who is born out of wedlock; on the last page when David, aged twenty-two, leaves for his first job, he receives this advice from his closest friend; "Be artful, mistrustful, selfish, and unscrupulous—as I am—and get to know the law and the stock market. Much more use than biography and poetry . . . But you're a materialist like all your generation. You have no taste for the higher aspects of life." Between the first page and the last the author fires shot after shot at such targets as schools, the Church, the university, the lower classes, the middle classes, the upper classes, romance, love, idealism, Signor Mussolini, and Mr. Chamberlain.

Blackstone Studios, Inc.

Richard Aldington

The story itself is serious. David Norris, a 1914 "war baby," is brought up in a dull, ugly, provincial town, tormented by the knowledge of his illegitimacy and the limitations of a stifling environment. Finally, desiring money for his education, he reveals his identity to his paternal grandfather, who grants him a handsome allowance. For a year he lives on the French Riviera in colorful magnificence. When suddenly his grandfather dies without having provided for him in his will, his fair-weather friends vanish, his fiancée deserts him, and, completely disillusioned, he accepts a job as office boy in a broker's office.

The flavor of the book, however, is almost uniformly sprightly and comic, and the story does not sag under a burden of truculent fault-finding. In "Very Heaven" Mr. Aldington as a critic of his times was too earnest, often angry; but in "Rejected Guest" he is more amused than indignant, and smashes his idols not savagely but in boisterous high spirits. As a matter of fact, most of the philippics come from David's wordly, amoral friend, Johnny Martindale, opportunist and sensualist. (One thinks of Alexander Woollcott lying on a couch indolently reciting S. N. Behrman's sybaritic conceits.) Proceeding from such a grotesque, these gibes at conventional morality and the contumely heaped on widely cherished institutions thin into amusing persiflage, and the book successfully keeps to its comic level.

Ten years ago Richard Aldington, poet, essayist, and translator, began his career as an English novelist with his brilliant war novel, "Death of a Hero." With "Rejected Guest" he auspiciously begins his career as an American novelist, for he has now taken up permanent residence in this country.

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*BOOK PREVIEW**

When Clio Joined the Colors

BY JAMES R. MOCK AND CEDRIC LARSON

Some wartime publications of the Division of Civic and Educational Coöperation, Committee of Public Information.

GUY STANTON FORD, the present president of the University of Minnesota and the 1937 president of the American Historical Association, was forty-four years old in 1917, and held the position of professor of European history and dean of the graduate school at the University of Minnesota. Except for historical reasons, however, he was not interested in Germany as he sat at his scholar's desk in Minneapolis in the spring of 1917. He wanted to build American solidarity. In an attempt to further that end he took a step which must have seemed inconsequential at the time, but which had a profound effect on American scholarship and the thinking of the American people.

As Dean Ford has explained to the authors, this was the sequence of events leading up to his appointment as director of the CPI Division of Civic and Educational Coöperation:

> Early in the spring of 1917 I wrote an open letter to school principals about the possibility of using the coming high school commencements for patriotic purposes. I wrote it for the signature of the Commissioner of Education, but he modestly declined to sign it and sent it out, however, over my name. A copy of that fell into George Creel's hands.

George Creel "made one long stride by a telegram" and called this distinguished scholar to Washington. Dean Ford accepted his assignment and then proceeded to do one of the most stupendous jobs in "popular scholarship" that this country has ever seen.

One purely statistical measure of his work is that the division which he headed put out more than 75,000,000 pieces of literature, ranging in character from the simplest four-page leaflet to an elaborate war cyclopedia and numerous heavily annotated works of research. All this was accomplished without an elaborate administrative machine, for the division never had a large Washington staff. Samuel B. Harding, professor of history at the University of Indiana, was chief assistant, and James W. Searson, professor of English and journalism at Kansas State University, did editorial work; a few stenographers about completed the permanent personnel. Dozens of scholars from all over the country gave indispensable help, but they were not on the payroll and either worked entirely on their own campuses or came to Washington for brief consultation periods.

The first big job, and the one for which Mr. Creel wished to receive scholarly assistance in the first place, was the pamphlet "The War Message and the Facts behind It," which was the annotated text of President Wilson's speech of April 2, some forty elaborate footnotes explaining America's case against Germany and the outlines of America's foreign policy. "The plan and much of the work are due to Professor William Stearns Davis, of the history department of the University of Minnesota. He is very materially assisted by his colleagues, Professor C. D. Allin and Dr. Wm. Anderson." This pamphlet appeared June 10, 1917. The Government Printing Office alone turned out 2,499,903 copies, and reprints appeared in newspapers and magazines. Probably no man in American history had ever before put to press a scholarly work destined for a larger printing. As Dean Ford reported, on the first day after release of the pamphlet he received "a peach basket" of mail, the next day two bushels.

As the division's pamphlets reached a steadily widening public and more and more people learned, or suspected, the heady circulation figures, Dean Ford's incoming correspondence increased alarmingly. Half the men of learning in the country, it must have seemed to the division stenographers, felt that they had been specially called on by providence to write one of Dean Ford's pamphlets, or else that they had some strategic idea for their improvement. Many folders in the CPI files are fat with essays on every subject from Plato's "Republic" to the insidious influence of Bach and Beethoven. These contributors mailed their productions to the CPI confidently expecting that the Committee would publish and distribute them "by the million."

Very little of the volunteered material was usable in any way, and most of the pamphlets actually printed were first planned in Washington. A wire was sent to the American scholar considered best qualified to do the particular job, and there was never a refusal.

More than a hundred separate publications were issued by Dean Ford's division, but the most important and the most influential were those in the two groups called the "War Information Series" and the "Red, White, and Blue Series." The two were published concurrently and, at least today, do not seem sharply differentiated from each other except by the tricolor band. Each group contained a wide variety of material. Understanding of the work done by the Division of Civic and Educational Coöperation is gained most readily through acquaintance with these famous pamphlets.

The War Information Series ultimately included twenty-one different items, the first of which, "The War Message and the Facts behind It," has already been referred to. The second pamphlet was "The Nation in Arms," by Secretary of the Interior Franklin

**This week* The Saturday Review *presents an excerpt, somewhat condensed, from "Words That Won the War: The Story of the Committee on Public Information," by James R. Mock and Cedric Larsen, to be published by the Princeton University Press.*

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K. Lane and Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, the former assailing German feudalism for "making its last stand against oncoming democracy," and Mr. Baker explaining our own problems of finance and supply. The pamphlet had a circulation of more than a million and a half.

Charles D. Hazen, professor of European history at Columbia, was author of No. 3 in the series, which was "The Government of Germany." This scholarly study of the "reactionary medievalism" of Germany's imperial government and of the influence of the army in German civil life was printed in an English edition of 1,798,155 and 20,500 in the enemy tongue.

Andrew C. McLaughlin of the University of Chicago (one of several future presidents of the American Historical Association who helped with the CPI work), wrote No. 4, "The Great War, from Spectator to Participant," which appeared in August, 1917 as a reprint from the June issue of the *History Teacher's Magazine*. He discussed German theories of Weltpolitik and Machtpolitik and told how the United States came to enter the struggle. In this case, again, circulation was a million and a half.

Cabinet members were called on once more for No. 5 in the series, which was "A War of Self-Defense," by Secretary of State Robert Lansing and Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor. Mr. Post presented the argument employed in one way or another by nearly all of the CPI writers: "Our problem was one of resisting conquest now, in a war in Europe and with allies, or later on in our own country and without allies." More than 700,000 copies were distributed.

A useful handbook was No. 10, entitled "First Session of the War Congress," which contained in synoptic form a history of each of the ninety-one public acts passed by the first session of the 65th Congress, lasting from April to October 1917. More than 600,000 copies were published. It was compiled by Charles Merz, at that time Washington correspondent of the *New Republic* and now editor of the *New York Times*.

A professor of English was the author of the twelfth pamphlet in the War Information Series—"American and Allied Ideals: An Appeal to Those Who Are Neither Hot Nor Cold," by Stuart P. Sherman of the University of Illinois. He quoted Cicero and Milton to prove the purity of Allied ideals. More than 225,000 copies were published.

No. 15, "Why America Fights Germany," was by Professor John S. P. Tatlock of Stanford University. "The net of German intrigue has encompassed the world," wrote the author, who was a professor of English. He repeated the assertion: "We must fight Germany in Europe with help, that we may not have to fight her in America without help." One passage of this pamphlet made a profound impression in 1918 and was widely quoted:

"Now let us picture what a sudden invasion of the United States by these Germans would mean; sudden, because their settled way is always to attack suddenly. First they set themselves to capture New York City. While their fleet blockades the harbor and shells the city and the forts from far at sea, their troops land somewhere near and advance toward the city in order to cut its rail communications, starve it into surrender and then plunder it. One body of from 50,000 to 100,000 men lands, let us suppose, at Barnegat Bay, New Jersey, and advances without meeting resistance, for the brave but small American army is scattered elsewhere. They pass through Lakewood, a station on the Central Railroad of New Jersey. They first demand wine for the officers and beer for the men. Angered to find that an American town does not contain large quantities of either, they pillage and burn the postoffice and most of the hotels and stores. Then they demand $1,000,000 from the residents. One feeble old woman tries to conceal $20 which she has been hoarding in her desk drawer; she is taken out and hanged (to save a cartridge). Some of the teachers in two district schools meet a fate which makes them envy her. The Catholic priest and Methodist minister are thrown into a pig-sty, while the German soldiers look on and laugh. Some of the officers quarter themselves in a handsome house on the edge of the town, insult the ladies of the family, and destroy and defile the contents of the house. By this time some of the soldiers have managed to get drunk; one of them discharges his gun accidentally, the cry goes up that the residents are firing on the troops, and then hell breaks loose. Robbery, murder and outrage run riot. Fifty leading citizens are lined up against the First National Bank building, and shot. Most of the town and the beautiful pine-woods are burned, and then the troops move on to treat New Brunswick in the same way—if they get there.

"This is not just a snappy story. It is not fancy. The general plan of campaign against America has been announced repeatedly by German military men. And every horrible detail is just what the German troops have done in Belgium and France."

Professor Tatlock concluded this frightening account with a call for all Americans to enlist in the fight. "We shall feel brotherly toward the German nation again if two things can be changed, their government and their spirit." Circulation was nearly three-quarters of a million copies.

One of the most interesting of this series is No. 20, issued in October, and entitled "The German-Bolshevik Conspiracy." This thirty-page, 9 x 12 document has been the center of a spirited controversy. The pamphlet consisted of the so-called Sisson Documents.

At the same time that the War Information Series appeared, the Red, White, and Blue Series was likewise making its bow. Many of the items in this latter group were much more elaborate than in the other, and some of them furnished the spiciest reading of any publications of the CPI. The first pamphlet in this group was "How the War Came to America," and its various editions in eight languages had the breathtaking circulation of 6,227,912 copies. The forty-six pages gave the historical background of our foreign policy and our belief in the peaceful settlement of international disputes; a chronology of German-American relations, with emphasis on details of submarine warfare; and the text of three Wilson addresses, including the famous Flag Day Address. The first edition of this pamphlet, a small printing of 20,000 copies, appeared June 9 and went to the newspapers, nearly all of which reprinted it at least in part, the *New York Times,* for instance, giving it a full page and a half. Then on June 26 came the regular edition for general circulation, and still later the foreign-language printings of from 9,000 to 300,000 each, including translations into German, Italian, Bohemian, Spanish, Polish, Swedish, and Portuguese in that order of size.

"Conquest and Kultur: Aims of the Germans in Their Own Words" was compiled by Wallace Notestein and Elmer Stoll of the University of Minnesota. This was published on November 15, 1917. "The present war is in the last analysis distinctly a war between ideals and thus between the peoples who uphold them," the foreword starts out. This book of 160 pages was divided into seventeen sections, such as "The Mission of Germany," "World Power or Downfall," "The Worship of Power," and so on. Under each division were numerous excerpts from public utterances or writings of prominent Germans showing their avowed goals. General Bernhardi's book "Germany and the Next

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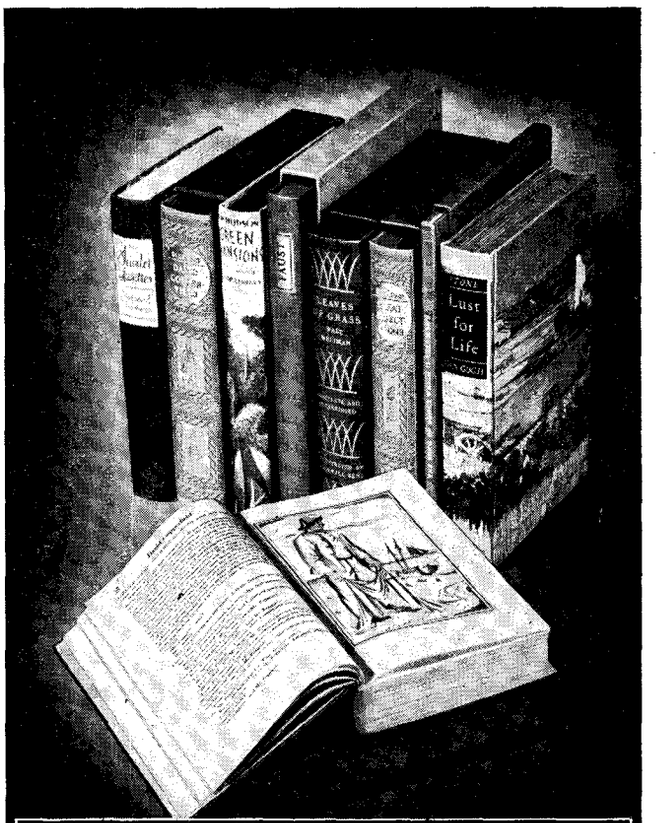

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When Clio Joined the Colors

(*Continued from page* 14)

War," for example, was freely quoted, as were Treitschke, Nietzsche, and chauvinistic politicians. Here at last was a whole arsenal of quotations for the publicist to use against the pro-German. Circulation was 1,203,607 copies.

The "War Cyclopedia," "a handbook for ready reference on the Great War," was 321 pages long, the largest publication of Dean Ford's division. The first edition came out January, 1918, and altogether 195,231 copies were printed. The editors were Frederic L. Paxson of Wisconsin, Edward S. Corwin of Princeton, and Samuel B. Harding of Indiana. About fifty others contributed, including Charles A. Beard, Carl L. Becker, Sidney B. Fay, J. Franklin Jameson, and St. George L. Sioussat. The volume started with "Acts of Congress" and closed with "Zimmermann Note." Such entries as "Scrap of Paper," "Spurlos Versenkt," and "Schrecklichkeit" were intended to remove all possible doubt on the subject of responsibility for the war. The cyclopedia sold for twenty-five cents.

In all of these publications the effort was to present the Wilsonian war doctrine in a reasoned, accurate, authoritative statement that would appeal to educated people everywhere, but which at the same time would be understandable to all Americans. Authorities differed as to whether this purpose was accomplished. Booth Tarkington, for instance, was a careful observer of people, and he was enthusiastic. He wrote to Dean Ford:

"Thank you for having sent to me ten copies of 'Conquest and Kultur.' I have arranged for their distribution among the country people about Kennebunk and Kennebunkport, copies to be in the village libraries also. These people are good and loyal, but not at all clear as to *what* we are fighting; somewhat mystified, too, as to why. Now and then a fisherman will say, 'Well, I *have* heard *some* tellin' around that it's kind of a capitalists' war; dunno whether it's *so* or not. *Talk* doesn't explain to him—not authoritatively, to his mind. But if he reads a pamphlet 'got out by the United States Guv'ment' he is *'im*pressed.' "

But Harold L. Ickes, chairman of the executive committee of the Illinois State Council of Defense, was one of many who felt that Dean Ford's scholars had not yet brought themselves down to the level of the common citizen. He wrote on October 24, 1917, that he had not "seen anything yet that will appeal to the farmers, to the laboring men, or to the average run of citizens who do not do profound reading." He asked if there were not a danger "of trying to over-educate the already educated, leaving the less well educated still groping as to what the war is all about?"

In direct response to criticism such as that from Mr. Ickes, the Division of Civic and Educational Coöperation proceeded to issue a new series, the four-page and eight-page Loyalty Leaflets, which were seven in number, had a circulation of about a half-million each, and were expressed, as to literacy, in terms of the least common denominator.

One of the most ingenious devices for reaching the broad base of the people was a little booklet, "The Kaiserite in America," which was given a circulation of 5,550,521, but which was directed to the special attention of travelling men. In response to a suggestion from Russell L. Coxe of Schuylkill, Pennsylvania, Dean Ford had written:

"It certainly seems to me that the national travelling men's organizations might well constitute themselves a flying squadron to combat idle rumors which are often the thoughtless repetition of German propaganda. . . . I find that it does not take information but merely common sense and a sturdy squelching of those who either thoughtlessly or maliciously spread just the kind of thing which affects the morale of the nation."

In accordance with this plan, "The Kaiserite in America" was published, and fourteen of its fifty pages were taken up with a message beginning: "To the Commercial Travellers of America:

"Here is an opportunity for the Commercial Travellers of America to do a great work toward winning the war.

"You are summoned as specifically as if you were enlisted in the army or navy to aid the national cause.

"Our troops will meet the enemy abroad. You can meet him at home.

"Throughout the land the Kaiser's paid agents and unpaid sympathizers are spreading by word of mouth rumors, criticisms and lies, that aim to disrupt our national unity and to weaken the will of our people in the successful prosecution of our task in the great world war. . . .

"It is your immediate task to 'swat the lie.' . . ."

Dean Ford was the leader in one of the greatest publishing ventures ever undertaken in this country. At the same time he had the task of making scholarship serve the ends of a country mobilized for war. Each pamphlet was suggested by Dean Ford to Mr. Creel, never the other way around. If Dean Ford was forced on occasion to publish things that would not pass muster as scholarship in more normal times, he must also receive credit for making no more concessions to the war spirit than were absolutely necessary for the director of a government propaganda campaign. Considering all the circumstances, Dean Ford was amazingly successful in avoiding "civic shell shock," and the proof may be found in the dozens of manuscripts which would have given effective support to the war but represented a degree of hate and intolerance and hysteria which he refused to sanction. They remain in the CPI files to this day when they might, under some other leadership, have found their way into print.

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by BERNARD SMITH

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Defoe

(*Continued from page 4*)

whether he had the same interest in housewives and shopkeepers that he had in sluts and rogues; and one feels certain that, even if he did, he knew his readers didn't. Being a hypocrite, Defoe may have reasoned that in order to castigate sin you must first uncover it; but however he reasoned it, almost certainly the desire to chronicle free-and-easy lives came first, and the free-and-easy manner came afterwards.

Hence there are no thoughtfully worked out plots in Defoe (though some thought is given to the plot of "Roxana"); we simply go with the story. We really care less how Moll or Roxana will react to a situation than how she will emerge from it. Experience, to be sure, accentuates the characters of these people, but it almost never transforms them. All that really concerns us is whether they will prosper or fail. This is not because they are one-dimensional characters, mere puppets for the story's sake, but because they inhabit a one-dimensional world whose values are altogether mercenary. Among Defoe's many criminals, it is impossible to find even one great character of evil. Hardened by profession, they remain singularly easy-going by nature, and as they never struggle violently against themselves, so they are not embittered or envenomed by others. Theft or prostitution or murder is simply their vocation, and like Falstaff they believe (though they will not aver) that to labor at one's vocation is no sin. When they get into a tight place, they hastily thumb their Bibles, but it is not their peace they want to make with God; it is a bargain. We find equally many criminals and sinners in Dostoievsky as in Defoe, but where the one emerges as the most spiritual of novelists, the other emerges as the most materialistic.

But just as too much practicality worked against Defoe's living fortunes, so it has lowered his posthumous fame. We are aware, of course, that he is something more than a good story-teller; we know that he is a convincing realist and a vivid historian whose novels paint a powerful picture of the disreputable life of his age. That they are utterly wanting in sensibility, in exaltation, in tragic force, is inescapable when we consider the temperament of the man who wrote them. Nevertheless the man would have been far greater—in terms of his own capacities—had he not been so inveterately philistine, so crudely moralistic, so irreclaimably petit-bourgeois. His values are not only for the most part despicable; they are often disingenuous. He was certainly no Nonconformist as a novelist: no other writer of his day pandered so much to popular convention and vulgar morality. He kept shop in a nation of shopkeepers and the things he wanted in life, the things he honored, lacked all largeness and nobility. He most detested the English workingman because he was no thrifty! And yet, deep down, he knew how tame and dull and safe his values were: there was far more breadth and health in him than suited his ambitions. If he shrewdly grasped the commercial possibilities in chronicling the gamy side of life, he nevertheless had a wholesouled and persistent interest in it, a real enjoyment of it. This was fortunate, for without that interest his novels could not have survived.

His limitations had their uses: the sinewy, homespun style, the unblinking sense of reality, the marvelous matter-of-factness saved him from ever being turgid or inflated, and (despite his moralizing) from ever being a prig. He never wrote, as Richardson was soon to write, in the style of "Begone from me, man! What pretense hast thou for tormenting me thus?" His moralizing is never, like Richardson's, downright nauseating or downright silly. Yet "Clarissa," though at its worst it outdoes "Elsie Dinsmore," has an interior richness, a kind of subterraneous grandeur, which was wholly beyond Defoe's reach. It is going too far to say of Defoe that he knew the price of everything and the value of nothing; but it is going, certainly, in the right direction.

It was Dickens who remarked that "Robinson Crusoe" is the only great novel which never moves the reader to either laughter or tears. The fact implies something more than that Defoe died before the novel of sentiment was born; something more than the mere absence of tenderness or gaiety from the book. It asserts, no matter how supple Defoe's motions were, the rigidity of his mind. It argues a lack of seeing life from any philosophic vantage point, of treating life in either of the two ways most consistent with the transforming power of art. For the tragic sense of life, or alternately the comic sense, really underlies that power of *expression* which is what art is, as distinguished from life itself. Defoe was at once too earnest and too easy-going—with a Nonconformist's inability to flood his mind with laughter, and a trueborn Englishman's inability to exult or despair. Defoe's novels are like bottled water, which keeps fresh and unadulterated for a very long time. But greater novels are like casked wine that imperceptibly ferments, adding a new quality, which becomes the essential one, to the juice of the pressed-out grapes.

Astounding Career of

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The True Story of the Upward Progress of Thomas James Wise, Prince of Book Collectors, Bibliographer Extraordinary, and Otherwise

BY WILFRED PARTINGTON

HOW did Thomas J. Wise first start his amazing career? Who printed his two score or more spurious first editions? How did he really make his money? Why did he always claim that he was not a dealer? How did he launch his forgeries? Why were certain important items missing from the Ashley Library, when it was checked after its recent purchase by the British Museum? How did this supposedly benign little man establish himself as a bibliographer whose advice was sought by collectors from every part of the English-speaking world? How did the egregious Mr. Wise cover his tracks for so long? These are only a few of the questions dealt with by Mr. Partington in his completely engrossing biography. That this life of Thomas J. Wise will be eagerly read by every librarian, bookseller, and collector of rare books and first editions, goes without saying. But it should appeal also to anyone who likes to be taken behind the scenes in a little-known, fascinating section of the book world.

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The Compleat Collector

CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

UP to 1901 the world had supposed that Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" first appeared in print in her collected "Poems" of 1850. In 1901 an unassuming pamphlet whose title-page read "Sonnets. By E. B. B. Reading: Not for Publication. 1847" was sold at auction in New York for $440. Subsequent copies have brought as high as $1,250 and as low as £33.

The "Reading" pamphlet was a forgery—or, more accurately, a creation, a fabrication, an invention—but this fact did not become established until 1934, when John Carter and Graham Pollard, London booksellers and sound bibliographers, proved that the paper on which it was printed could not have been manufactured before 1874 (and probably was not manufactured until 1883) and that certain letters in the type font were not cut until after 1880. Ever since the Carter-Pollard disclosures, which involved not alone the "Sonnets" but dozens of bibliographically comparable productions bearing the names of virtually every important British nineteenth-century author, the "Sonnets" has maintained a respectable price level despite its utter spuriousness—indeed, because of it. The Spoor copy of the "Sonnets" brought $105 last spring.

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JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN

A NOVEL

by Dalton Trumbo

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

The Carter-Pollard monograph, a dignified octavo of 400 pages, bore as innocuous a label as ever concealed a package of dynamite: "An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets." It was as if Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had scratched out "The Hound of the Baskervilles" in favor of "A Study of the Nocturnal Habits of the Digitigrade Carnivora of Devonshire." The case, as the two Englishmen presented it, was as fascinating as it was damning. The evidence pointed squarely at Thomas J. Wise as the only begetter of the fabrications. The British law of libel being what it is, the expositors had to exercise superlative caution. They did a magnificent job. The object of their *j'accuse* was palpable, but there was no single phrase that could be singled out as a specific indictment.

Wise was an odd fish. A sort of Sir Joseph Porter who had worked his way up not in the law but in the essential oil trade, he early became an aficionado of letters. His addiction was as genuine as it was shallow—in his youth he even published a book of verse. He was in at the birth of the Shelley Society and supervised the publication of a series of facsimiles by the members. From the legitimate to the illegitimate was an easy step if one had a mind to it, and Wise did—a step which, once taken, admitted of no retreat. The essential oil business prospered; eventually Wise grew rich, and assembled a magnificent collection of books which he called the Ashley Library.

Wise's conduct following publication of the Carter-Pollard disclosures did little to extenuate his anomalous situation. A few months later Mr. Carter told me that there was one action which Wise might have taken which would have made the authors of the "Enquiry" the two most discredited men in England. Wise knew the monograph was to be published; he had, of course, been given an opportunity to explain inconsistencies (or all too eloquent consistencies) which clearly involved him. Time was available, therefore, before the scandal became public property, for Wise to present the Ashley Library to the nation.

He missed the boat. But an epic bit of irony has since intervened. Following Wise's death in 1937 at the age of seventy-seven, the British Museum bought the Ashley Library from his widow at a price which was not disclosed, but which booktrade report placed at £100,000. Mrs. Wise, who was several years her husband's junior, mindful of death duties, the income tax, and the general political and economic muddle, asked that the money be paid her in the form of an annuity. She died early this year, when probably no more than £4,000 had been paid over to her. Wise *did* give the Ashley Library to the nation.

The story of Wise's career has now been set forth in murky detail by Wilfred Partington in "Forging Ahead: the True Story of the Upward Progress of Thomas James Wise, Prince of Book Collectors, Bibliographer Extraordinary and Otherwise."* As one may surmise from the title of the book no punches are pulled, no holds barred. Messrs. Carter and Pollard toiled in the laboratory; Mr. Partington's contribution has been leg-work, performed on the run. He is gossippy rather than scholarly; he is guilty of some omissions and inaccuracies. He writes choppily, discursively; he is forced into repeated and annoying anticipations, takes refuge in occasional and inevitable conjectures. But for one who has the slightest acquaintance with the subject, he tells a fascinating story. The reader may feel some of the compunction suffered by a kindly old lady who has just been regaled with a meaty backstairs tidbit and is sorry that she has relished it, but that, after all, is more the fault of Thomas J. Wise than of Wilfred Partington.

Mr. Partington's most serious shortcoming is his failure to assign the proper share of credit to the accomplishment of Messrs. Carter and Pollard, and to the durable importance of that accomplishment. He takes them in chronological stride, almost as though they were an incident in Wise's career rather than the mainspring behind his exposure and a warning to any who may ever seek to apply the Wise formula. For the lesson of the "Enquiry" is that the book-faker's sins must find him out.

They will continue to find Wise out. John Carter and Graham Pollard are at work on an expanded "Inquiry." A Guggenheim fellowship is permitting a University of Texas librarian to edit Wise's correspondence with the late John H. Wrenn, donor of the university's Wrenn Library, which, fortunately for the purposes of bibliographical research, has a complete collection of the pamphlets. "Forging Ahead" is a lively contribution to an unsavory but engrossing subject.

**FORGING AHEAD. By Wilfred Partington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. 315 pp., with index. $3.50.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 287)

GELETT BURGESS:
"A GAGE OF YOUTH"

Child of the burning heart,
  Child of the blossoming soul,
O song of life and art,
  God keep you brave and whole!
Failing, still feel the fire—
  Winning, still keep the dew—
Striving, still hear the lyre—
  This be my prayer for you!

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Iron Ranges and Steel Mills

IRON BREW: A CENTURY OF AMERICAN ORE AND STEEL. By Stewart H. Holbrook. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 352 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THE iron and steel industry in the United States is a subject so huge, panoramic, and adventure-filled that it will take a great many books to get at it. A very sizable and valuable volume has been written on the early forges of New Jersey alone. A good monograph could be devoted to the work of Alexander L. Holly (whose life still remains unwritten) in placing the Bessemer process on its feet in this country, and another to the similar work of Abram S. Hewitt for the open-hearth process. While the dazzling emergence of the Mesabi field has been fairly well described, the Marquette, the Gogebic, and other areas still await an adequate historian. The student can find volumes on the rise of the Carnegie mills, but is quickly graveled for material on the growth of Bethlehem Steel, or of the Birmingham industry.

Mr. Holbrook's impressionistic and lively book, despite its ambitious subtitle, has a fairly modest aim. It essays to give an account, first, of the development of the great ore-fields of the Lake Superior region in Michigan and Minnesota; and second, of the utilization of this ore in the great steel-mills of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois. In racing chapters, some of them full of his own experience and observation in the Northwest, he covers these two broad subjects by the use of broad strokes. His book will seem too impressionistic and rapid to suit the seeker after precise and thorough information. It slips along the surface of many interesting topics without getting down to what is significant. But then it is not written for the economist, sociologist, labor-specialist, or historian. It is written for the general reader who wishes to know some of the essential facts about the opening-up of the great iron ranges, the blooming of the largest iron-and-steel mills, and the results in contributions to American life. Such readers will be grateful for the broad, graphic strokes, and for an eye which never neglects the human side of the industry—particularly its labor problem. They will be grateful, too, for the pains taken to bring the story down to date, so that the volume supplements Casson's popular work on the "romance of steel," now some thirty years old.

The most interesting part of Mr. Holbrook's work, and the part which will have the most enduring value, is the section devoted to life and labor in the iron-mining towns of Michigan and Minnesota. When the author writes about the mills on the Monongahela, the financial operations of Carnegie, Frick, and Oliver, and the overnight creation of Gary, Indiana, he obviously writes from an inkpot filled by others. These second-hand parts of his book, rapid and glancing as they are, are not always either clear or careful. But the pages on wild-ore trimmers in the Northwest; on boomtown life; on the lusty Cornish, Irish, and German miners of the Marquette, with tales of their exploits, loves, and crimes gathered by Mr. Holbrook in Ishpeming; on the fierce strikes that swept at times across the iron-ranges; on the great disasters in the mines—these are full of new information, of vigorous, salty writing, and of a compelling sympathy.

Good Old Days

THINGS USED TO BE DIFFERENT. By Alonzo Clark Robinson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1939. 274 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ORRICK JOHNS

YOU are born in New York City, in one of the best blocks, some time during the seventies; go to Cutler's school, graduate to the dancing class, which used to meet (in the days when snow was not swept off of Fifth Avenue, and sleigh-bells merrily rang) above Sherry's at Forty-Fourth Street. You take your first "real drink" on the Roof of Madison Square Garden when it really was in Madison Square. After many set-backs you finally get into Yale, class of 1898. Your pals are Payne Whitney, Gouverneur Morris, and the Vanderbilts. From apprenticeship with Dr. Billy Phelps of the English department, you go your carefree way on a "grand tour" of the world. It is the turn of the century and Far Eastern traveling is rather primitive—so much so that you must take along a private mongoose for protection against the cobras. You meet the Holy Man of Benares, try in vain to see the "rope trick," and are carried away by the Taj Mahal by moonlight. After the grand tour you settle down in Paris as a sculptor, become the pal of Bob Chanler, the Gargantuan painter of giraffes and marine life, and make friends with Rodin. Then in the mellow middle sixties you write a book about it, and the book makes rich, racy, rousing reading (the alliteration belongs to the period).

That is, you do all these things if you happen to be Mr. Alonzo Clark Robinson. As the title indicates, his book really dates—it ends with the last War—but that is the fun of it. We doubt if one can find a swifter, more vivid picture of the gilded young men of the nineties, for whom Richard Harding Davis was the hero, and a chaperone held more terror than the Boxer Rebellion. There is much keen discrimination and good taste in the book that cannot be indicated by this brief sketch. A multitude of readers will find chuckles in the self-portrait of Alonzo Robinson, and especially in his terse humor and biting philosophy.

Traders in the East

TRADERS' DREAM: The Romance of The East India Company. By R. H. Mottram. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1939. 322 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by A. MERVYN DAVIES

THERE is no question that the "romance" of the British East India Company is an excellent subject for a book. To tell adequately the story of how the early English adventurers found their way to India, of their fights with "Portugals" and Hollanders, of how they braved every peril to carry on a precarious trade, of their tenacity in the face of every sort of trial both at home and abroad, and, at last, how they came into the empire of the Moguls and the rule of all India—that is a theme worthy of any pen, even the greatest. At the same time it is not a theme to be tackled lightly. It has its decided difficulties, as anyone who has handled it knows.

Reading this book raises the question whether a good novelist is wise to turn historian. We cannot help wishing that Mr. Mottram had stuck to his fiction. To justify such a departure requires far more in the way of study and research, accuracy of statement, and balanced judgment than he displays. Granted that he is writing for the same audience that

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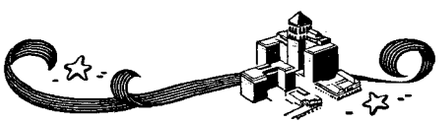

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enjoys his novels and that some of them may enjoy this new book, still, the kind of hit-or-miss effect he manages to achieve with facts makes it hard for a reviewer to recommend the book. Facts, after all, must be treated with respect if history is to mean anything. Mr. Mottram, we cannot help feeling, was altogether too ambitious in attempting to compress this 250-year-long, exceedingly complicated story into ordinary novel length. His choice of what to include and what to omit seems dictated chiefly by the limitations of his own knowledge. While Indian history is without doubt complex and bizarre, it should not be beyond the comprehension of anyone essaying to write the history of the Company. In one place Mr. Mottram speaks of the Indian Powers with whom the Company did business as "vague." One can only comment that while they certainly seem a little vague to him, they were anything but vague to the men about whom he is writing — indeed, to them at times they were quite alarmingly real!

Some of the more glaring errors may be briefly noted. It is not true that the early English adventurers in the East were pirates. To term them that is entirely to ignore the circumstances of the time, particularly the fact that England and Portugal were at war. To say that in 1615 "the Mogul Empire was in the last decades of a rapid decline" predates that decline by a hundred years. It scarcely seems right to omit all mention of the three outstanding Company's agents in the East prior to Clive—Methwold (except as chairman, in which later capacity he was less important), Aungier, and Thomas Pitt. The account given of Surat and Bombay in the seventeenth century is ludicrously inadequate. The statement that the factory at Surat was "a building about which we know next to nothing" is quite untrue. Sir Josia Child, the dominant figure in the Company's early history, was chairman of the Company, not Governor of Bombay. It was James, not John Stuart, Mill who wrote the history of British India. And it was the House of Lords, not the House of Commons, that tried Warren Hastings. The book is excellently illustrated.

A. Mervyn Davies is the author of "Strange Destiny," a life of Warren Hastings, and of "Clive of Plassey," just published.

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Adventures of Words

IN A WORD. By Margaret S. Ernst. Drawings by James Thurber. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 251 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a light-hearted book on the stories hidden in the etymologies of common words. Mrs. Ernst has taken a number of words and given their surprising derivations and verbal relatives, showing that a cancan was a learned disputation, and that ballots and bullets are the same. She also has an informal way of talking of one word and reminding herself of another word altogether; this is pleasant, but makes it inexcusable not to index the book; as it is, to refer to what she said about *besiege* one has to remember to look for it under *cathedral* (because they are from Greek and Latin words meaning to sit). Mr. Thurber has entered into the spirit of the thing with numerous drawings, showing, for instance, a man eliminating a cat by putting it over the threshold, or a group of candidates who combine the ward heeler's derby and cigar with the *toga candida*. The book is refreshing and painlessly instructive.

Nevertheless, since this is likely to be an introduction to the subject for many readers, it is a pity that Mrs. Ernst has been so cursory and even careless in her treatment of actual etymological processes. She treats, separately, both *pecus* and *fee;* but the way in which Grimm's Law turns one into the other is omitted, though it is as fascinating as that they both come to mean *money*. And the errors of commission are worse. The Greek for horse is not *hippo,* and *horse* does not come from the Latin *cursus;* they are cognates, but that is an entirely different matter. And when she gives a list of "Other words from the root *educare,* to lead out: *Il Duce, duke, . . . viaduct, reduce,*" she is not only using "root" in a manner to whiten a philologist's hair, but missing an opportunity to point out *educate* comes from the first conjugation (and specialized) verb *educare,* while its cousins all come from *ducere* and end in *duce*. She is also guilty of suggesting a falsely picturesque connection of ideas between two words that merely happen to be related; thus she is correct in saying that *diplomat* comes from *diploun* to fold, but she is quite wrong in suggesting a connection with *duplicity;* the folded diploma which was the diplomat's credential had no more reference to double-dealing than the diploma of a college boy. Or, to go back to *education,* she implies without precisely saying that its original meaning is to draw out the child's qualities, though she must know that that idea has long been exploded (or hissed off the stage—the opposite of *applaud;* there's one for you, Mrs. Ernst!)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CLUE OF THE NAKED EYE *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2.)	Jane Edwards, at genial logger-heads with detective Lieut. Hammond, supplies clues that eventually clear up three mid-western killings.	Much better than average example of nosey spinster type of mystery story—of which the woods are getting too dern full.	Good fun
MOONEY MOVES AROUND *Kerry O'Neil* (Reynal and Hitchcock: $2.)	Private detective Jerry Mooney tangles with some tough hombres in solving murder and kidnapping in Phila. cloak-and-suit circles.	Much milling around, slugging, and such stuff, but, outside sleuth and his girl assistant, characters are colorless and plot lacks conviction.	Trivial
MURDER AT DEER LICK *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.)	Beloved Southern doctor strangely slain. Mountaineers say "ha'nts" but canny Sheriff Roden uses mother-wit to unravel baffling problem.	Kentucky mountain lore, strong characters realistically drawn, killer with primitive motives and diabolical methods, enough rough gaiety, totally surprising end.	Prime
DIVIDEND ON DEATH *Brett Halliday* (Holt: $2.)	Mass murder in Miami aggravated and elucidated by hard-drinking private operative Michael Shayne.	Gritty mixture of murder, robbery, hypnotism, slug-fests, wild wimmen, picture-faking—with battle-royal for finish.	Hard as nails
THE DRAGON'S TEETH *Ellery Queen* (Stokes: $2.)	Ellery Queen opens sleuthing offices in N. Y. and clears million-dollar baby of nasty relative's murder.	Most hysterical of all Queen cases, with cast of nephelococcygic characters, sound plot—and too much fury.	Phantasmagorical

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The New Books

Biography

MR. GARNER OF TEXAS. By Marquis James. Bobbs-Merrill. 1939. 158 *pp., with index.* $1.50.

A two-time Pulitzer biography prize-winner ("Andrew Jackson" and "The Raven") here turns his attention more briefly to a not so exciting statesman. All the customary tributes are paid to Mr. Garner's small-town prosiness, early bed-times, poker intimacies with revered deceased celebrities like Uncle Joe Cannon, and general canniness in political management. Just to make sure that readers will feel themselves on familiar ground—most of the copy having been originally prepared for a *Saturday Evening Post* audience—Mr. James includes, as his final smash, the ancient one about the Texas Ranger who came to the riot alone because it was "only one riot."

Nothing is said of Mr. Garner's presidential aspirations, but the book is manifestly available as campaign character sketch, if not "campaign biography." It's manifestly, also, a considerable comedown from "The Raven."

Fiction

STARK SUMMER. By James Robert Peery, Harpers, 1939. 313 *pp.* $2.50.

Mr. Peery has written, with considerable skill, a story about another degenerate family in Mississippi. We suspect that ten years ago it might have attracted some attention. But bastardy, seduction, miscegenation, and habitual drunkenness in Mississippi have piled up in the books like the cotton surplus in the warehouses. We must confess this seemed just another book like another bale. The Calhouns being bad seemed to us as trivial as the Calhouns would have been being good.

Anything can happen in Mississippi as in Manhattan. There are all kinds of people between Memphis and Pass Christian. There are little towns like Powell and perhaps people like these Calhouns. There were belles also and Cavaliers. What has happened in the cotton belt is that romance continues, a new conventional romance in which booze and chinaberry trees take the place of swords and roses. Here is a new volume in the new legend.

J. D.

A CHILD OF OUR TIME. By Odon von Horvath. Dial Press. 1939. 207 *pp.* $2.

In "The Age of the Fish" Horvath wrote a fantasy about Nazi Germany unique in the current run of novels which exploit fascist politics for variety of adventure and background. Its suspense was the result not of event alone but of the use of description and figure of speech to establish a wide range of emotions in a simple plot. The special quality of the description and metaphor in that novel often achieved the effect of verse.

"A Child of Our Time" has many similarities in technique and purpose. It presents the history of a typical German war child, whose inheritance was Versailles, inflation, and unemployment, and who inevitably turned to the SS or the SA for shelter, food, and clothing, and for the final seduction of nationalist self-confidence. The soldier takes part in an "undeclared" cleaning-up of a rich neighboring country whose people talk an ugly language and whose system of government is deplorable. (The author died in 1938). The soldier is wounded, losing the use of one arm, and from this point is described the development and various aspects of his disillusion. Too much is telescoped into this part of the book, and in consequence the hero's emotional graph remains a daring and imaginative but unconvincing sketch. Writing in the first person, the author fails in identifying himself with his simple-minded protagonist, and in the attempt Horvath's sophistication betrays him at times into painful self-consciousness.

In this fantasy, however, are reflected the same characteristics of perception and of feeling for atmosphere and scene which appeared in "The Age of the Fish." Horvath is able to evoke the sensations of dream and day-dream with all their symbolic insistence and underlying uncertainty in a way which, superficially at least, recalls Walter de la Mare. His special talent in description is with one sentence or phrase to realize a landscape, a time of day, a quality of heat or cold. Its strength depends upon more than observation or sensibility or even the metaphors involved, it depends a great deal upon timing, and for this reason is curiously moving in a prose tale. Indeed, the positive qualities of "A Child of Our Time" suggest repeatedly to the reader that Horvath was less novelist than poet.

I. W. A.

History

MOHAMMED AND CHARLEMAGNE. By Henri Pirenne. Norton. 1939. 293 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

When Henri Pirenne died in 1935, he left the completed first draft of a book which was to have stated in final form perhaps his most important single contribution to our understanding of the early Middle Ages. Through the piety of his son, M. Jacques Pirenne, and of his pupil, M. F. Vercauteren, himself an able historian, the manuscript was prepared for publication and now duly appears in English dress. Had Pirenne lived, he would no doubt have altered this text a good deal, expanded some suggestive passages, removed some repetitions, and qualified some bold assertions in accordance with his own exacting standards, but it is unlikely he would have changed anything essential. As it stands there is a vigor and freshness about this rapid sketch which partially compensates for its lack of finish. Its central thesis is that the Moslem conquests of the seventh century, by interrupting Mediterranean trade, ended the money economy which had survived the barbarian invasions, and cut the umbilical cord which had hitherto bound Latin Christendom to its eastern parent, setting Western Europe free to begin an independent development; that the Middle Ages began, not with the "fall of Rome" but with Charlemagne; and that without Mohammed Charlemagne would have been impossible. This thesis had already been advanced by Pirenne in several publications, and will need to be reëxamined, and perhaps modified before it wins final acceptance, but it is surely one of the most fruitful suggestions ever offered students of medieval history. The arguments for it are fully marshaled here with all the persuasive logic and wide scholarship of which Pirenne was master.

In spite of its brief compass and

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rapid pace, this is an important, a seminal book, worthy to close one of the most distinguished careers in European scholarship.

G. M.

Travel

HAYWIRE. An American Travel Diary. By Hector Bolitho. Longmans, Green. 1939. 179 *pp.* $2.

Last Winter the author of "King Edward the Eighth" made a lecture trip through the United States and, either having forgotten or not heard the numerous American jokes about visiting British lecturers, decided to write a book about his trip. It would be very difficult to find a more naively uninforming account of travel in any country. Mr. Bolitho seems not only not to have seen very much of anything which Americans would recognize as native but he seems to have misunderstood most of what he did see. He appears to have been particularly impressed by the elegance of the salons of Detroit, a phenomenon which it is reasonable to suppose a great many Americans know nothing about. Certainly there are many Americans who would like to know just what it was Mr. Bolitho saw when he thought he was seeing a "restored train such as that in which Edison printed the first newspaper."

R. H.

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COLLEGE, eastern, offering four years high school, two years college, has immediate vacancies for boarding students, girls, total cost $40 per month for ten months. Box 464-D.

WANTED: Young executive, preferably one who is second man now in sales department of established book house. Must be capable of taking all-round charge of all sales work, organizing sales force, direct mail, etc. Inquirer is well known magazine publisher just now entering the field of book publishing. Our executives have all seen this advertisement. Box 465-D.

WRITER WANTED collaborate with accountant preparing new novel embracing business practice. Co-operative basis—no investment. Box 466-D.

ARTIST DESIRES auto passage to Mexico. Expenses shared. References. Box 467-D.

PARENTS—Balance your budget. School, board, teachers scientific care, happy country life. Westchester estate. Girls, 5-12—$12.50 weekly. Special week-end, holiday rates. Box 468-D.

YOUNG MAN, 20, versatile, good appearance, desires opportunity. Box 471-D.

EXPERIENCED script-typist-bookkeeper, seeks position. Tel. Esplanade 2-5879.

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PERSONALS

HANDWRITING scientifically analyzed, $2. Questions answered. Dr. Reiss, formerly Heidelberg. 4410 Broadway, N. Y. C.

REALLY EFFICIENT SECRETARY, 29, Protestant, wants position. Formerly employed by Author. Well educated, cultured. Capable research, re-writing. Box 469-D.

ARE THERE ANY OTHER MALIHINIS who read the Saturday Review? Box 470-D.

COLLEGE TRAINED JOURNALIST, 25, drive, type, anxious to travel, wants winter work. Adaptable, poised, keen. Write for details. Box 472-D.

ENJOY NORTHERN VERMONT in Autumn. Invigorating air; glory-covered hillsides; quiet roads for driving; woods and fields for walking; good food, steam heat, open fires, books, congenial people. The Hearthside, an Inn in the delightful little village, Craftsbury Common, Vermont.

TRYON, N. C. Guest house, one mile from village. Peace and quiet, beautiful mountain views; attractive, comfortable rooms; private baths; distinctive food. Open year 'round—$20 up. Mrs. Frances N. Williams, Mill Farm.

WILL STORE baby grand or minipiano year or more in return for careful use. WAlker 5-2699.

GEORGE APLEY'S SUCCESSOR, submerged in Manhattan; unconfirmed diffident bachelor wishes interesting feminine correspondent with high ideals, tolerant mind, stout heart and playful disposition, not too clever. Box 368-D.

STILL REMEMBER your college French? Why not teach your children some simple conversation? Send one dollar for children's conversation lessons and teaching instructions. Helen Rudd Arnold, Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois.

MATURE CULTIVATED GENTLEMAN seeks congenial Southern women correspondents. Box 473-D.

CAPABLE YOUNG BACHELOR, cheery personality, broadminded, energetic. Wishes post confidential assistant, secretary. Experienced flyer, keen outdoor life, travel; all sports. Seeks interesting remunerative occupation, involving neither office drudgery nor canvassing. Box 474-D.

GRADUATE OF EASTERN COLLEGE for women, youngish middle-aged, marooned in California, would correspond with interesting man who likes travel, people, and outdoor life. Box 476-D.

FOR RENT mountain top lodge ideal for writer. Large studio living room with stone fireplace, kitchen, bath, and four bedrooms. All year commuting. $480 year. LeRoy E. Kimball, Tomkins Cove-on-Hudson, Rockland County, New York.

STAGE-TECHNICIAN with varied experience in Youngstown, Kalamazoo, and summer theatres wants winter position. Recommendations excellent, and friendly. Box 477-D.

POTENTIAL JEEVES would apprentice self to kinetic Bertie. Box 478-D.

MATURE WOMAN COMPANION or companion-housekeeper for one only. Box 479-D.

RETURNING EAST AFTER TEN YEARS IN NEVADA, will sell successful Guest House business in Reno. Beautifully furnished and decorated with complete modern equipment. High grade clientélle, largely eastern people. This is an active, paying business embracing house accommodating 12, and secluded cottage for 2 or 3, situated on delightfully shaded, quiet but central street on bank of Truckee River. An ideal home-plus-job for person requiring mild, dry climate. Write Sat. Rev. Box 480-D.

WINTER APARTMENTS in White Mountain Inn. Low cost—meals, typist—tutor—ski instruction optional. Box 481-D.

OLDER WOMAN, Protestant, Mayflower descent, trained to do translation (all kinds German, literary French), research, tutoring, will consider any legitimate proposition to earn,—reading aloud, guiding strangers, shopping. Box 482-D.

Double-Crostics: No. 288

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

						1-O	2-B	3-L		4-W	5-Y	6-Z	7-F	8-R	9-N	10-Q	
	11-A	12-W	13-M	14-K		15-J		16-Y	17-C	18-Z	19-G	20-M		21-K	22-J	23-E	
	24-R	25-H	26-C	27-P	28-D	29-N		30-S	31-W	32-H	33-I		34-O	35-F	36-K		
37-R	38-I	39-E	40-J		41-B	42-J		43-X	44-J		45-G	46-Q	47-Y	48-N	49-A	50-H	
51-P		52-T	53-A		54-A	55-X	56-V	57-N		58-D	59-M	60-H		61-O	62-D	63-P	
64-I	65-G	66-Z	67-B	68-F		69-E	70-U	71-O		72-T	73-X		74-H	75-S	76-E		
77-X	78-D	79-J		80-W	81-A	82-Y	83-U	84-O	85-V	86-I	87-H	88-M		89-K	90-T		
91-Z	92-O	93-G	94-T	95-E	96-M	97-I		98-X		99-T	100-V	101-C	102-X	103-I	104-N	105-B	
106-A		107-C	108-Z	109-N	110-I	111-D	112-V	113-S	114-K		115-E	116-L		117-Y	118-C	119-X	
120-O	121-H		122-I	123-H	124-E		125-C	126-R	127-K	128-D	129-M		130-X	131-T	132-B		
133-X	134-K	135-E		136-B	137-F	138-U		139-S	140-C	141-L	142-K	143-M		144-B	145-A		
146-W	147-P	148-R	149-B		150-U	151-Y	152-Q	153-W	154-S	155-O		156-R	157-H	158-N	159-A		
160-E	161-C		162-Q	163-O	164-G	165-A		166-L	167-M		168-S	169-H	170-U	171-P	172-W	173-F	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. One without stamina.

B. Extort by violence.

C. Carried on with secrecy (adj., comp.)

D. Detected and exposed (a lie.)

E. Go-between.

F. Offspring; upshot

G. Sudden roll from side to side.

H. American poet (1827-1916.)

I. Excel in any way.

J. Put to death by drowning (vb.)

K. Plant sprung from a youth's blood (Gr.)

L. Plateau in S. W. Asia.

M. Vice-president of the Confederacy.

N. Upbraided.

O. Insulting.

P. Virulent.

Q. Loud cry.

R. In an advanced position.

S. Courted favor cringingly.

T. Character in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

U. Early Germanic script signs.

V. Misfortunes.

W. Silly talk.

X. Reversal of attitude (comp.)

Y. Hold to something firmly.

Z. Man of great wealth (India.)

WORDS

54 145 165 49 53 106 81 159 11

2 67 149 144 132 105 136 41

17 26 101 118 125 107 161 140

78 58 62 28 111 128

69 115 76 23 39 135 95 160 124

35 173 68 137 7

164 65 19 93 45

87 169 25 123 74 121 157 60 32 50

122 86 64 97 103 110 38 33

22 42 40 15 79 44

14 114 21 142 89 127 36 134

141 3 166 116

129 13 88 20 143 96 59 167

9 109 104 57 158 29 48

84 1 34 92 71 155 120 61 163

63 147 27 171 51

10 46 162 152

37 148 156 126 8 24

168 75 139 154 30 113

52 131 90 72 94 99

150 170 138 70 83

100 85 112 56

172 146 12 80 31 4 153

98 43 73 55 133 130 77 102 119

5 47 16 151 82 117

108 18 6 66 91

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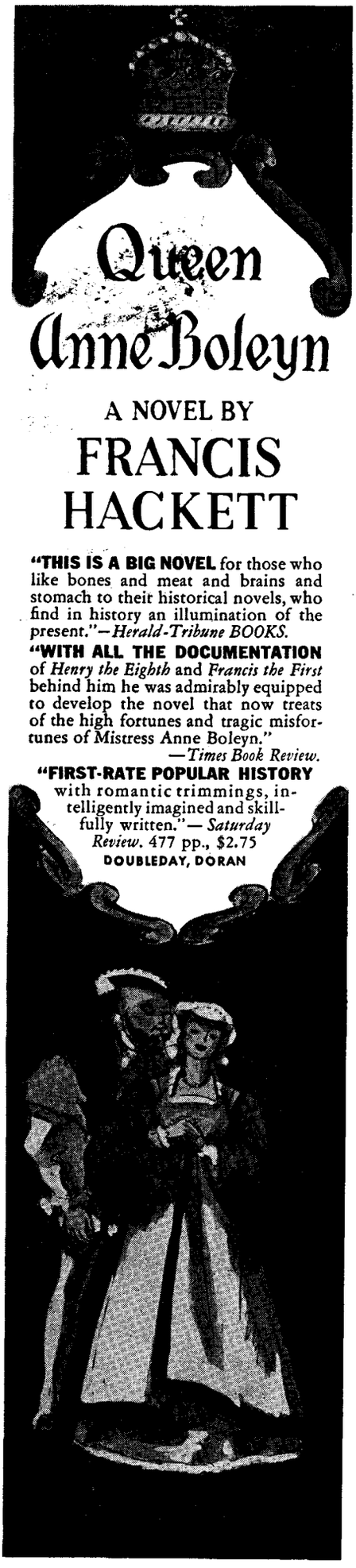
Queen
Anne Boleyn
A NOVEL BY
FRANCIS
HACKETT
"THIS IS A BIG NOVEL for those who like bones and meat and brains and stomach to their historical novels, who find in history an illumination of the present."—Herald-Tribune BOOKS.
"WITH ALL THE DOCUMENTATION of Henry the Eighth and Francis the First behind him he was admirably equipped to develop the novel that now treats of the high fortunes and tragic misfortunes of Mistress Anne Boleyn."
—Times Book Review.
"FIRST-RATE POPULAR HISTORY with romantic trimmings, intelligently imagined and skillfully written."—Saturday Review. 477 pp., $2.75
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE saddest thing about a beautiful autumn morning is to see how weatherbeaten the robin looks. His tawny waistcoat is rumpled and bleached, it no longer has the old sleek bulge and ruddy color. ☞We would put this thought into a verse, as it deserves, but we haven't the heart to dwell on it that long. ☞I. A. says the Elizabeth, N. J., station on the B. & O., also has a weathervane in the shape of a locomotive, perhaps that too has a history that some B. & O. Historian will report. ☞Constant appeals to disregard "propaganda" can be themselves a form of propaganda. ☞There is an interesting point mentioned in Liddell Hart's new book *The Defence of Britain* (Random House), the purview of which is wider than implied in the title. Speaking of the First World War he says, "it is significant that there was a fog on the occasion of almost every offensive on the Western Front which had any success." ☞This has its analogies on psychological Fronts also. ☞One of the most curious bits of fog floating about has been the repeated hearsay that "there's something phoney about this War." ☞To those who are offering hasty comments on this, some of Liddell Hart's remarks are worth consideration. He points out that for Britain and France to attempt offensive strategy would be the extreme of folly. ☞We were pleased by the autograph facsimile impressed on the binding of the first volume of Carl Sandburg's *Lincoln: The War Years*. It says simply *"Your obt servt A. Lincoln."* ☞We thought to ourself that to be obedient and serviceable to the necessities of Now, let us not be in too much of a hurry to offer precocious opinion on great issues. ☞Truth is, for the time being, in "protective custody," and will emerge gradually. ☞The historians who have been most valuable, perhaps, were the Historians by Accident, or Malgré Eux; like Sam Pepys.

☞One of the pleasant effects of the recent unseasonable heat wave in the Middle West was that our cheerful correspondent Sam Nock sat down to loaf alongside an electric fan in the new bookshop of Frank Glenn at 1022 Baltimore Avenue, Kansas City. So idling he wrote us a long letter describing the charms of Mr. Glenn's place, "big enough for browsing, and comfortable chairs, and ash trays, and a treasure room for fine editions." ☞Dr. Lawrence Reynolds describes the "prodromal symptoms" of book collector's malady as "a little flushing of the cheeks, a slight exophthalmos and a certain tremor of the fingers in the presence of great books." This is in Dr. Reynolds' preface to the exciting catalogue *70 Noteworthy Medical Rarities* issued in honor of the 70th birthday of Dr. Harvey Cushing, by Schuman's, 730 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. This is the first catalogue issued by Henry Schuman since moving from Detroit to New York, and is a graceful tribute to Dr. Cushing both as surgeon and bibliophile. ☞Alfred A. Knopf, to celebrate his 25th year in publishing, announces three annual awards of $1,200 each "to assist talented writers to complete planned and unfinished books." Full information and application blanks from Mr. Knopf's office, 501 Madison Ave., New York City.

☞It will be fifty years this winter since there first appeared in American ink the two fiction characters who have probably given more innocent pleasure than any others in history—Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Which will make appropriate the forthcoming volume of Baker Street Irregularities edited by Vincent Starrett. ☞Just before the recent death of Arthur Rackham, Goodspeed's (Boston) had catalogued an interesting autobiographical sketch dictated by Mr. Rackham to an interviewer, with alterations and additions in autograph. This was offered, as an Inventory Bargain, at $42.50. ☞No matter what happens, or what horrors may be in store, we can put at the top of this year's Christmas List *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces* edited by Thomas Craven ($10, Simon & Schuster). The book is an art gallery in itself, was completed just before political anxieties and closed museums in Europe would have made it impossible. It contains color photos of 144 of the world's most famous paintings, with comment by Mr. Craven.

☞Old Q. gathers from the newspapers that there is some attempt to revive the corset. This reminds him of a delightful verse he once found in Ashley's *The Yankee Whaler*, a bit of literary scrimshaw scratched on a strip of whalebone by some unknown New England mariner:—

Accept, dear Girl, this busk from me,
Carved by my humble hand—
I took it from a Sparm Whale's jaw
One thousand miles from Land!
In many a gale has been the Whale
In which this bone did rest,
His time is past, his bone at last
May now support thy brest.

☞Arthur Rogers, excellent bookseller in Newcastle-on-Tyne whose catalogues are known to many of our readers, writes "I am back in the army as Sergeant Rogers in the Royal Air Force. The business will have to be closed down temporarily but I hope and pray it will be possible to pick it up afterwards. Meanwhile I should be grateful to have my customers in the U. S. who feel like it, to write to me occasionally—particularly any who owe me anything! My stock will still be available. Address: Sergt. A. Rogers, No. 2165, R.A.F., c/o 5 Saville Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. Mark *Please Forward.*"

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